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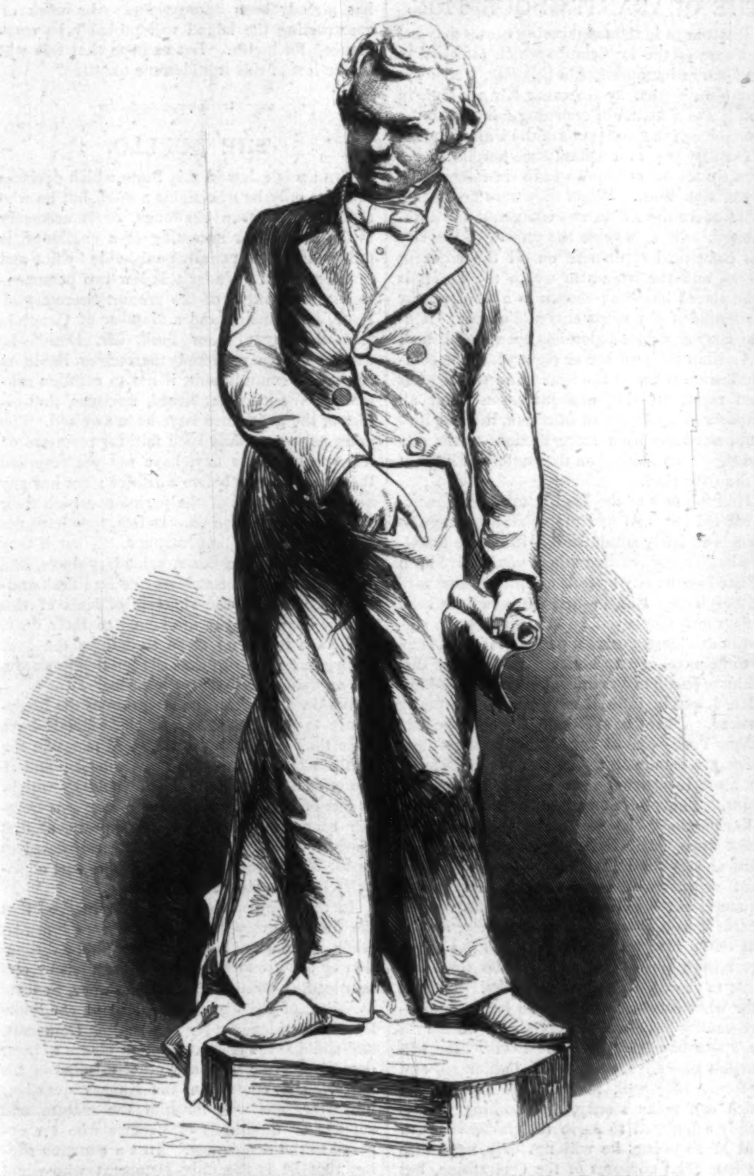


STATUE OF SENATOR DOUGLAS, BY LEONARD W. VOLK, OF CHICAGO.

THE STATUE OF SENATOR DOUGLAS.

WE engrave herewith the statue of Senator Douglas, which is being sculptured by Leonard W. Volk for the city of Chicago.

It will be remembered by all our subscribers that we gave a portrait of the Senator, with a pretty full biographical sketch, in No. 52 of the *Weekly*, about a year ago. Since then circumstances have increased Mr. Douglas's prominence. His gallant fight in Illinois, and the triumph in which it ended, the quasi-proscription which he seems to be enduring at the hands of the Administration, and the prospect that, at no distant day, he may fill the most conspicuous public position in the country, combine to render his "counterfeit presentment" peculiarly interesting to the public of the United States.

Mr. L. W. Volk, the author of the statue, is a young man of twenty-eight years of age, a native of New York State, and at present a resident of Chicago, Illinois. He studied his profession for two years at Rome, and is expected by his friends to take high rank among the noble corps which boasts of a Crawford, a Powers, a Palmer, and a Hosmer.

JOHN BRIGHT, ESQ.

THE portrait which accompanies these lines is that of one of the greatest and best Englishmen of the present day—JOHN BRIGHT. At the present time he is engaged in a fierce contest with many of the British aristocracy on the disputed question whether democracy in the United States is a failure or not; and his portrait, in connection with his late speeches, can not but be interesting to the people of this country.

Mr. Bright is a cotton-spinner by trade, the head of the firm of John Bright & Brothers, of Rochdale. His first appearance in public was about a quarter of a century ago, as a partisan of the abolition of the corn-laws, and the admission of foreign wheat into Great Britain free of duty. The question was clearly an issue between the aristocracy and the democracy of England: the former, being the principal land-owners of the country, desired to have protective duties levied on foreign breadstuffs, in order to be able to charge more for their land; the latter demanded cheap bread at all hazards. Mr. Bright was soon known as one of the champions of cheap bread; his extraordinary eloquence, his honesty, and his energy secured for him a leading place among the chiefs of the movement; he was chosen, in 1836, a member of the council of the Anti-Corn-Law League; in 1846, when the views of the league prevailed, and free-trade was established, Mr. Bright was unanimously considered as sharing with Mr. Cobden only the honors of the victory.

Three years previously, in 1843, he had purchased a seat in Parliament for Durham, and was chosen, at each session, to move the free-trade resolutions. In 1847 Manchester selected him as her representative. He sat for that eminently democratic city for ten years, and, though always in a minority, won the repute of being the most eloquent man in Parliament. When the Russian war broke out he took decided ground against it. He was one of a deputation of Quakers who actually waited upon the Emperor Nicholas during the war, to protest against the action of the British Government. Whether Mr. Bright was right or wrong in this course (in this country the opinions of the masses were rather with than against him), there is no doubt but the English people did not coincide with him. He became intensely unpopular, and lost his election for Manchester at the general election of 1857. He has, however, since been returned for Birmingham, which city he continues to represent in Parliament.

Mr. Bright was born in Lancashire in 1811, and is, therefore, only forty-seven years of age at the present time.

It was in the course of his agitation for Parliamentary reform and the introduction of the ballot into Great Britain that he made the speeches to which we refer above. In the last of them he says:

"I am not insensible to some things that appear to me to be errors in principle, some that are errors in practice, in the Constitution and the customs of the United States. But I protest against our being shut up to take nothing from America but cotton, and rice, and tobacco. And, in fact, we do take a good many other things. I am told that my friend, Mr. Platt, a member of a very eminent firm, has a wonderful machine from America with which to make bricks. We know that the agriculture of this country has been greatly advantaged by the importation of reaping machines from America. [Hear, hear.] We know that those persons who are going about so apprehensive of a revolution have particular reason to be delighted with America, because they have received from that country the invention of the revolver. At this moment, in the Government small-arms establishment at Enfield, they have patent machinery from America for making gun stocks. They can turn out a gun stock, I am told, in twenty-two minutes fit for the barrel. What a dreadful thing to think of! [Laughter.] And I am sure that Mr. Miles, if his protectionist principles have not long ago deserted him, will be horrified to hear that they have actually brought Americans over to show the English how to work them. But there is much more behind. *The Times*, *The Morning Star*, *The Daily Telegraph*, and the leading newspaper in this district, *The Manchester Daily Examiner*, with, I believe, two or three of the widely-circulated London weekly papers, are all printed on machines which were either made in America, or, being made in this country, were made on the American patent. And further than this—don't you remember that the West-Enders, including even ladies, have been subscribing ten guineas apiece to invite a clever farmer from Ohio to show them how to tame a horse? Any thing but politics. You may delight yourself with their charming poets—with Bryant, and Whittier, and Longfellow; you may interest and instruct yourself by their great historians—Bancroft, and Prescott, and Motley. But if you ask how free popular institutions are working among your own countrymen on the American continent, you are denounced as unpatriotic, and, at any rate, treasonable to the House of Lords. I will read a passage which was particularly galling to those gentlemen, from the report of my speech in Birmingham. It is but three lines. I said:

"'Generally, in all the sovereign and independent States of America, there is a franchise as wide as that which I have proposed to-night. There is an exact and equal limit of members to the electors; and there is, throughout many of the States, the protection of the ballot; yet in America we find law, order, and property secure, and a population in the enjoyment of physical comforts and abundance such as are not known to the great body of the people in this country, and which have never been known in any country in any age of the world before.'

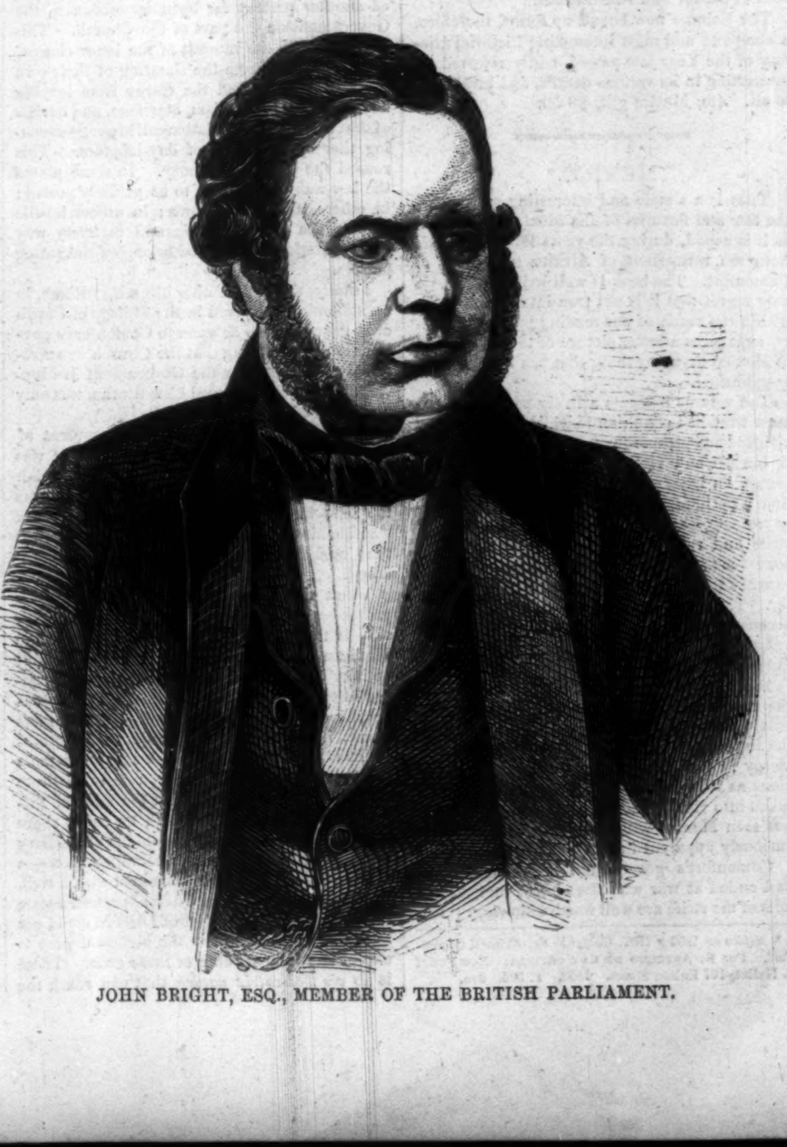
"Now Lord John Russell, a short time ago, was at Liverpool, at a meeting of the Social Science Association, and he made a speech, many parts of which I think were most admirable and instructive. He referred to America in two particulars, and showed how, in the States of New York and Louisiana, the laws had been codified and simplified. He said that, with a few days' study, a man might make himself perfectly acquainted with the laws with regard to land and landed property. He did not see (and Lord John Russell is not afraid to look abroad on a matter of this kind) why an old country—I do not quote his own words—should be compelled to continue a system which was not necessary, and which it was found so advantageous to get on without in a new country. But he said this:

"'It is education which enables the United States of America to proceed in their wonderful career, upheld by the most popular institutions, without serious disturbance of law and order.'

"I quote another nobleman—a most estimable man, too—a man who has done in his time great justice to the people and the institutions of the United States—the Earl of Carlisle. Eight years ago, when the state of America was fresh in his mind, he delivered a lecture from which I have taken two extracts. Speaking of their elections, he says:

"'Elections may seem the universal business, the topic and passion of life; but these are—at least, with but few exceptions—carried on without any approach to tumult, rudeness, or disorder; those which I happened to see were the most sedate, unimpassioned processes I can imagine. In the Free States, at least, the people at large bear an active, and I believe, on the whole, a useful part in all the concerns of internal government and practical daily life.'

"And then, speaking of the condition of the people, he said—and you will know how far it corroborates, how far it exceeds even, what I said—he says:



JOHN BRIGHT, ESQ., MEMBER OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

"'The feature which is the most obvious, and probably the most inevitable, is the nearly entire absence, certainly of the appearance, in a great degree of the reality, of poverty. In no part of the world, I imagine, is there so much general comfort among the great bulk of the people; and a gushing abundance struck me as the permanent character of the land.'

"And then, with his own generous sympathy, he went on to say:

"'It is not easy to describe how far this consideration goes to brighten the face of nature, and give room for its undisturbed enjoyment.'

"I can not, of course, help the fact that Lord Carlisle for a moment has fallen into rather a foolish panic since I undertook to address my constituents at Birmingham. I can assure him I do not wish to introduce American institutions here. But I want to argue this point—that the people of England are now in a condition wherein it would be just to them, and safe for all classes in the country, that they should be widely intrusted with the possession of the elective franchise."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1859.

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE YEAR 1858.

THE Volume of HARPER'S WEEKLY just concluded furnishes a complete Illustrated History of the Leading Events of the Year 1858. It contains nearly *Nine Hundred Illustrations*, of which over Seventy are *Portraits* of noted Men and Women, American and Foreign. Among the principal subjects extensively illustrated in this volume may be mentioned the Laying of the Atlantic Cable; the Progress of the Utah Expedition; Salt Lake City, and Mormon Life; the United States Paraguay Expedition; the Chinese War, together with the doings of Americans in China and Japan; the most remarkable Scenes and Localities in the great Indian Rebellion; the British Outrages on American Shipping; the Frazer River Gold Furore; American Prison Life; Scenes in Mexico since the beginning of the troubles; Earthquake Scenes in Italy; new American built Ships, &c., &c.; together with artistic Illustrations of numerous characteristic traits of American Life, such as Fashionable Life at the Summer Resorts—Nahant, Niagara, &c., &c.; Fishing Excursions; Regattas; Picnics; Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's Scenes; Lumbering, Corn-Husking, and other Sketches of American Industrial Life, &c., &c. Besides which are given a great number of Engravings illustrating every other important current Event of the Day. The articles accompanying these illustrations are prepared with care, and form full and reliable accounts of the subjects illustrated. The WEEKLY contains, besides the best Tales and Poetry of the Day, a Serial by a first-class Author, instructive Essays on Topics of General Interest, an interesting Chess Chronicle, &c. The two pages of Foreign and Domestic News and Gossip found in each Number of the Volume form a complete Anecdotal History of the Year.

To the Volume is added a Complete Index, both of matter and Illustrations.

The Volume now bound up forms, therefore, a complete and most interesting Pictorial History of the Year just passed, easily referred to, interesting in its various details, and invaluable to all. 4to, Muslin gilt, $3 50.

MEXICO.*

THIS is a simple and interesting account of the fate and fortunes of the Mexican Republic, as it is called, during the years 1856 and 1857, from the retirement of Alvarez to the fall of Comonfort. The book is well written; and we only regret that it is not translated, so as to be within the reach of our reading public generally, as it gives a better picture of the actual state of Mexico than any thing that has been recently published.

The volume presents a lively portrait of the most wretched condition to which a once highly civilized and prosperous country can be reduced. A lawless and violent soldiery, an intriguing clergy, an ignorant and heterogeneous population, a parliament of demagogues, and an empty treasury—and, amidst all these elements of strife and ruin, you see the honest efforts of honest men, who are doing what little they can to arrest the disasters impending over their country. The picture is a painful one; the more so because drawn without any effort whatever at artistic effect or exaggeration. The chief facts, indeed, of the narrative are indisputably true.

But of all the results at which the mind of the reader will arrive in perusing these pages, that which stands out in the boldest relief is the immense political influence of the Catholic clergy in Mexico—an influence, too, as pernicious as it is vast. This fact, not sufficiently taken into view by those of our people who have not seen Mexico with their own eyes, is made curiously apparent in Mr. Portilla's narrative.

Comonfort's government began, continued, and ended at war with the clergy, and the details of the strife are well worth following. Under the Presidency of Alvarez, in 1855, a law had been passed, called (after the Minister who presented it) the law Juarez, prohibiting all ecclesiastical jurisdiction in civil matters. This gave rise to an insurrection against Comonfort's government which took place at Puebla in February and March, 1856. The revolt, sustained by the contributions of the clergy, was soon put down, the property of the Bishopric sequestered, and the Bishop himself banished; but the Prelate made the best of his way to Rome, and there contrived to give Comonfort more trouble than ever he could have done in Mexico.

In June, 1856, Lerdo, then Minister of Finance, introduced the famous law of *Desamortizacion*, framed to liberate the immense properties in the hands of the clergy. It would be very valuable to have the details of the real estate now in the hands of the Church in Mexico. Humboldt, in 1805, gives the rental of eight of the Mexican sees as amounting to $539,000, or an average of nearly $70,000 per annum. The last half century has no doubt added greatly to their relative if not their actual wealth. This law, of course, brought out the clergy in full force, and the usual cry was raised of vested rights, attack on religion, etc. The Archbishop of Mexico denounced it vehemently, and the effect of the opposition was very seriously to embarrass, if not to paralyze, the Government in regard to one of its most important measures.

But the clergy did not confine themselves to polemics. In September, 1856, a regular insurrection was organized in the capital in the convent of San Francisco. It was planned throughout by the clergy, and the Government was compelled to surround and close the convent, to arrest the friars, and to suppress the institution itself.

The promulgation of the Constitution of 1857 brought the Church into the greatest activity. That Constitution which, whatever its defects, certainly contained many important propositions, embraced among others the following: Tit. I., Sec. I., Art. 3. Liberty of Instruction; Art. 5. Denial of legal validity to monastic vows; Art. 13. Prohibition of special tribunals; Art. 27. Restriction of religious corporations as to holding real estate.

The announcement of these great principles of civil and religious freedom aroused the Church to an intense degree of turbulence. Bishops and archbishops protested against it, and from high to low, from the judges of the Supreme Court to the humblest official, absolution was refused by the ministers of religion to all who swore to this Constitution. It would be difficult to find in the Middle Ages a more striking instance of the interference of the Church in the affairs of State.

Things went still further, and on Thursday, in the Holy Week of 1857, the Archbishop of Mexico, apparently desirous to offer a gratuitous insult to the Government, excluded the Governor of the city from the Cathedral. For this gross offense the Archbishop was confined to the Palace for a short time.

In April, 1857, the law of parish payments to the Church (*Obvenciones Parroquiales*) furnished another pretext for open opposition to the Government on the part of the Church. This law, passed in the interest of the lower classes, to protect them from the shearing of their own shepherds, prohibited the clergy from levying any payments for baptism, marriage, and burials of that class of the population called *poor*—meaning thereby the class of day-laborers. This roused the Church to frenzy. In some places the law was not allowed to be publicly posted; in others it was torn down; in others hostile manifestoes were put up; and in every way the population was invited to oppose the ruling powers.

Finally, the Holy Father himself at Rome, in an allocution delivered in the College of Cardinals, gave the *coup de grace* to Comonfort's government by declaring that the Church was atrociously persecuted by the Government in Mexico, and that the proposed Constitution was only a menace of new tribulation.

And in January, 1858, the government of Comonfort was overthrown. Whether he was equal or unequal to the situation is immaterial. We have not sought to inquire whether he was too mild in his policy, nor do we stop to ask whether his co-operation in the movement against the Constitution of 1857 can be in any way excused.

What this volume of Mr. Portillo signally proves—what we have wished to call attention to—is the wholly immedicable nature of the Mexican disease. Of this disease the flagrant activity of the Church is one of the most alarming features, and to that we have in these paragraphs desired to draw attention. But others worse, if possible, remain behind. A heterogeneous population, of which the great mass belonging to an inferior race, utterly destitute of instruction, is clothed with the right of suffrage, and thus intrusted with an equal share of political power—a lawless rabble of soldiery—an utterly disorganized administration—a Congress of demagogues, all joined with a rich, fanatical, and intriguing Church, present a state of things that the Goddess of Discord could not improve. It is absurd in the highest degree to expect any internal cure of these evils. There is no *vis medicatrix naturæ* that can reach the case. The remedy for Mexico must come from *without*.

When a government shall be presented to that unhappy country strong enough and wise enough to make itself at once loved and feared; rich enough to outbid intriguing priests, and to support itself till the internal resources can be developed; powerful enough to uphold the real patriots of the country, and to strike terror into the hearts of the robbers and highwaymen who call themselves soldiers and generals; wise enough to organize a just and equal system without pandering to the mere madness of demagogues—when such a government shall grasp the sceptre of Mexican affairs, then, and not till then, will that rich and beautiful country arise from her degradation.

Whence shall this new life come? Shall America stretch out her helping hand, or shall we leave the work to be done by England or by France? A decision must be made, and that speedily.

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* *Mejico en 1856 y 1857, Gobierño del General Comonfort.* Por D. ANSELMO DE LA PORTILLA. New York; S. Hallet, 107 Fulton Street. 1858. P. 396. 8vo.

THE QUARANTINE QUESTION.

RESIDENTS in the neighboring States may not be aware of the importance which attached to the Quarantine question in this city, which has just been settled by Governor King. But, in fact, it was a matter of crowning moment to the commerce of the metropolis of the United States.

For fifty years the Quarantine hospitals have been situate on an island within six miles of the city of New York. When they were first established there the island was comparatively uninhabited. Of late years the growth of the city has compelled settlement on all the adjacent shores, and the island on which the hospitals were placed has been chosen as a residence by thousands of city merchants and others. Regular ferry accommodation has been established, and within the past six or eight years the communication between the island and the city has been rapid, regular, and incessant. For all purposes of contagion or infection, the hospitals could not have been more noxious to the city had they been planted on the Battery or in front of the City Hall.

Had the acts of the Legislature been honestly carried out, and had the Quarantine regulations been fairly administered, it may be doubted whether any positive injury would have been inflicted on the city by constant intercourse with the hospitals. But, in fact, the laws have been so flagrantly disobeyed, and the Quarantine regulations so loosely carried out, that if the design of the controlling authorities had been to disseminate pestilence their conduct could not have differed widely from that which they actually pursued. The office of Health Officer of the port of New York—one of the few remaining offices which are remunerated by fees—is considered the most lucrative public post in the United States. The present incumbent is understood to have netted $100,000 a year. Such an office is not unnaturally bestowed as the reward of political services rather than scientific attainments or professional merit. As a natural consequence, the fortunate politician who wins it regards it as a means of making money, and as that only. He will suffer his employés to go direct from the death-bed of yellow fever patients to crowded political meetings. He will—for what consideration we are left to conjecture—suffer yellow fever vessels to anchor in the upper bay instead of the lower. He will sanction excessive charges for lighterage, and so forth. He will, in short, do every thing which can make money, and nothing that is merely calculated to serve the public interest. And in so doing, he will not only neutralize the beneficial purposes of the Quarantine, but will actually aid the dissemination of disease. Considering the circumstances of his appointment, perhaps, he could hardly act otherwise. We can not expect to find pure water in a mud hole, or honest men in sinks of political corruption.

From the day, therefore, that uninterrupted communication between the city and the Quarantine hospitals was established, and that the commerce of the port rendered the post of Health Officer the best office in the Governor's gift, the existence of these hospitals became a fatal injury to the trade of New York. Not a summer passes but some yellow fever ships arrive at this port. Properly treated, in a proper locality, they would never spread contagion. Immured in the present Quarantine hospitals, under the control of a party political Health-officer, they have uniformly proved seeds of pestilence. More than once the yellow fever has spread from the hospitals and the anchorage to the city and its populous suburbs, and has actually decimated whole wards. Every year it creates a panic, which not only drives useful citizens away from their homes and their business, but prevents country merchants from coming to New York to make their fall purchases. An experienced merchant has estimated the damage done to the trade of New York by the regularly recurring yellow fever panic at twenty millions of dollars a year.

Such being the case, the hospitals would have been removed long ago but for the opposition of the shipping-merchants. It is hardly worth while to bandy epithets; all classes of men, in this world, are selfish enough; but the annals of history may be vainly ransacked for a parallel to the selfishness of men who, in order to have their vessels anchored a few miles nearer their offices, were willing to jeopard the lives of their fellow-citizens and the business of the port. Such was the course pursued by the shipping-merchants of New York. But for their efforts, but for the money they spent to achieve their aim, the Quarantine hospitals would have been removed three or four years ago, and the last three yellow fever panics would have been avoided. Judge Rockwell, Mr. Chandler White, and the other good men who died of the disease a couple of years ago, would have been still among us; the commerce of the port, according to the merchant's estimate, would have been over fifty millions of dollars greater.

It has been left for Governor John A. King to redeem the errors which he committed when the hospitals were first destroyed, by carrying into effect the Act for their removal. They are to be moved to an island to be made on Orchard Shoal, a tract of submerged land about three miles southwest of the Narrows. The money has already been appropriated; the work of constructing the island will probably be commenced forthwith. Let us hope that this will be the last of this troublesome question.

THE DUELLO.

THERE is a law in this State which declares that not only he who fights a duel, but he who sends or accepts a challenge, or is accessory to the sending or accepting of a challenge, is guilty of a crime penally punishable by fine and imprisonment. Under this law two persons—to wit, the brother of the present Secretary of State, Dr. Tucker, and a Member of Congress from the city of New York, Mr. Daniel E. Sickles—have rendered themselves liable to arrest and commitment, if not to condign sentence. We have not heard, however, that either of the gentlemen have been arrested. The daily papers, usually such faithful reporters of the events of the day, have not yet recorded their examination before a Justice; nor has any one been apprised of the period at which their final trial is to come on. In fact, they have not been molested in any manner. Though they have fought half a dozen epistolary duels, and have laid trains for at least one real flesh-and-blood encounter, the sluggish officials of this county have not yet awakened to their duty, and have taken no steps to enforce the law. Both gentlemen, so far as the public are aware, are enjoying the holidays in peace.

We desire to draw the attention of the Legislature to this fact. For, if the officials have done their duty, then it is absurd to retain the Anti-dueling Act on the statute book; and if the officials have not done their duty—which, as one of the challenges in this case was actually sent through the papers, appears, at first blush, to have been the case—it surely devolves on the Legislature to institute some sort of inquiry into the circumstances.

In the mean while it may be remarked that the duel is every day sinking deeper into discredit. It has not been raised in public estimation by the use to which it has been put by certain leading politicians. For instance, Senator Douglas, of Illinois, is a prominent candidate for the Presidency. He is a leading Democrat, and could at the present moment obtain a larger democratic vote than any other member of his party. His course on the Kansas question, moreover, has won for him the esteem and support of thousands of persons who are opposed to the democracy. It is a common saying that he is the only Democrat who could carry the country in 1860. He has just achieved a remarkable victory over the Republicans and the Administration in the State of Illinois. Under the circumstances, his existence is very inconvenient to aspiring democratic politicians. Were he out of the way, many persons whose chances are now infinitely slender might compete, with some prospect of success, for the democratic nomination at Charleston.

This being his position, the public can not but regard the hostile approaches which Senator Slidell and others are making toward him in a very unfavorable light. Senator Slidell is a well known fire-eater, to whom personal encounters and duels are matters of course. He is doubtless highly skilled in the use of dueling weapons. Senator Douglas is not likely to know any thing about pistols. If Senator Slidell persuades his colleague to "go out" with him, the chances are that the latter will be killed. And we are bound to say that the present aspect of affairs encourages uncharitable persons in the suspicion that Senator Slidell has deliberately determined to force a duel on Mr. Douglas—with what intent, every one can conjecture for himself.

For our part we will say no more than this: we should like to see the State magistracy do their duty in the Tucker-Sickles affair, and we should like to see some successful duelist from Washington securely hanged. If any noisy ranter can deprive the country of the services of such a man as Senator Douglas, by provoking him into an encounter in which he can gain nothing and may lose his life, this is not a civilized country.

THE LOUNGER.

THACKERAY AND YATES.

This difficulty is in a fair way of being privately and quietly settled, as every friend of the parties concerned must wish. The London *Times* is very severe upon "the first of living satirists," for flying into a rage with so small a writer for so small an offense; and moralizes upon the fact that a man who had so remorselessly delineated the manners and personality of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton should shrink so utterly from the least exposure.

The cases, however, are not parallel. There is surely a difference between a literary sketch steeped in evident satiric extravagance, as were all Thackeray's squibs at Bulwer, and a cool, deliberate, personal description, derived from a club acquaintance.

Besides, Bulwer was the most striking illustration in literature of the spirit which Thackeray was every where attacking; and he had a certain moral right to make as much fun as he chose. And yet, that Thackeray may have all the credit that belongs to him, will the reader eager to declare that Mr. Yates has served him right, consider the following passages from the preface to the American reprint of his minor and earlier writings:

> "The careless papers written at an early period, and never seen since the printer's boy carried them away, are brought back and laid at the father's door; and he can not, if he would, forget or disown his own children.
>
> "Why were some of the little brats brought out of their obscurity? I own to a feeling of any thing but pleasure in reviewing some of these misshapen juvenile creatures which the publisher has disinterred and resuscitated. There are two performances especially (among the critical and biographical works of the erudite Mr. Yellow-Plush), which I am very sorry to see reproduced; and I ask pardon of the author of the 'Caxtons' for a lampoon which I know he himself has forgiven, and which I wish I could recall.
>
> "I had never seen that eminent writer but once in public when this satire was penned, and wonder at the recklessness of the young man who could fancy such personality was harmless jocularity, and never calculate that it might give pain. The best experiences of my life have been gained since that time of youth and gayety and careless laughter. I allude to them, perhaps, because I would not have any kind and friendly American reader judge of me by these wild performances of early years."

After this will any body urge his sarcasm upon Bulwer in mitigation of Mr. Yates's article?

And how vividly the little foregoing extract displays the cold, hard, grinning, sneering, caustic dissector of human nature, which is the favorite view of Thackeray!

And yet, despite the kind apology and explanation, Atticus *is* he!

MR. ORATOR DICKENS.

Dickens has just made another of the speeches in which he excels as in writing, and reading, and acting. The opulence of his power is amazing. It is undeniable that he is popularly accounted the first author of England, and it is a fair question whether he is not the best public speaker. Mr. Gladstone is the most noted parliamentary orator, and Mr. Disraeli is brilliant. But there is that racy gush of humorous sympathy in all the public speeches of Dickens which is a hundred times more agreeable than the elaborate elegance of scholarly oratory, or the sharp, diamond-tipped sarcasms which Disraeli scatters. In speaking Mr. Dickens seems to touch the same chord in the popular heart that Mr. Beecher does.

On the present occasion he was chairman of a meeting in Manchester to distribute prizes to successful pupils in the evening schools, composed entirely of mechanics and laboring men. He begins in this rollicking, good-humored way:

> "It has of late years become noticeable in England that the autumn season produces an immense amount of public speaking. I notice that no sooner do the leaves begin to fall from the trees than pearls of great price begin to fall from the lips of the wise men of the East and North, West and South; and any body may have them by the bushel for the picking up. [Laughter.] Now, whether the comet has this year had a quickening influence on this crop, as it is by some supposed to have had upon the corn harvest and the vintage, I do not know. But I do know that I have never observed the columns of the newspapers to groan so heavily under the pressure of orations, each vying with the other in the two qualities of having little or nothing to do with the matter in hand—[Laughter]—and of being always addressed to any audience in the wide world rather than the audience to which it was delivered. [Hear. hear.]"

Proceeding to speak of the title of the Association, he says:

> "I have been for some years pretty familiar with the terms 'Mechanics' Institutions,' and 'Literary Societies;' but they have unfortunately too often become associated in my mind with a body of great pretensions, lame as to some important member or other, which generally wants something done for it that it can't do for itself, which generally inhabits a new house much too large for it, and which is very seldom paid for, and which takes the name of the mechanics most grievously in vain, for I have usually seen a mechanic and a dodo in that place together. [Laughter.]"

He then gives a lucid and lively account of the working of the institute and of the examination:

> "I have looked over a few of the examination papers. They comprise history, geography, grammar, arithmetic, book-keeping, decimal coinage, mensuration, mathematics, social economy, the French language—in fact, they comprise all the keys that open all the locks of knowledge. I felt most devoutly grateful, as to many of them, that they had not been submitted to me to answer. [Hear, hear, and laughter.] For I am perfectly clear if they had been, I should have had mighty little to bestow upon myself to-night. [Laughter.] And yet it is always to be observed, and seriously remembered, that these examinations are undergone by people whose lives have been passed in a continual fight for bread, and whose whole existence has been a constant wrestle with those twin jailers of the daring heart—low birth and iron fortune. [Applause.]"

He goes on with a capital account of instances of sturdy resolution in study, and after laughing at the exploded theory that knowledge is a dangerous thing for the laboring class, and pleading for the elevating influence of works of imagination, he concludes:

> "The Divine Teacher was as gentle and considerate as He was powerful and wise. You all know how He could still the raging of the sea, and could hush a little child. As the utmost results of the wisdom of man can only be at last to help to raise this earth to that condition to which His doctrines, untainted by the blindnesses and the passions of men, would have exalted it long ago, so let us always remember that He set us an example of blending the understanding and the imagination; and that, following it ourselves, we tread in His steps, and help our race on to its better and best days. [Applause.] Knowledge, as all followers of it must know, is a very limited power indeed when it informs the head alone. But when it informs the head and the heart too, it is a power over life and death, and the body and the soul, and dominates the universe.—[Great applause, during which Mr. Dickens resumed his seat.]"

MORE GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

People naturally like to know about their favorites; and the English journals, which are fond of laughing at the foreign taste for gossip, keep John Bull constantly supplied with the domestic article. And surely the desire of personal knowledge is one of the most natural and human consequences of intellectual sympathy. We regard authors not as mental entities merely, but as living men and women. How charming to know something, if we only could, about Shakespeare's life! There is really so little detail of it, that a reader might inquire with apprehension whether Miss Bacon might not be correct, and in bolder moments plumply deny that Shakespeare was the author of Shakespeare's works.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall—Samuel Carter Hall—are not unknown in contemporary literary history. Mr. Hall founded and still edits the *Art Journal*, and Mrs. Hall has written Irish stories and various sketches of various degrees of ability. The husband has lately delivered two lectures in London, of his literary reminiscences, describing especially Mrs. Opie, Thomas Moore, Miss Landon, James Hogg, and Thomas Hood. He read the last letter ever written by Hood, addressed to Sir Robert Peel, which excited profound feeling in the audience.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall personally knew all these people; and there is more talk of other famous ones in reserve.

Wordsworth, too, is coming to his typographical apotheosis. The poems that "will never do" are now being done in "an exceedingly beautiful edition, as splendid as thick, prepared paper, fine typography, gorgeous yet tasteful binding, and the graphic pencils of Noel Humphreys and Birket Foster can make it. . . . . A book to lay upon the velvet-covered tables of palaces, or at the feet of your mistress."

If great poets are not immediately recognized nowadays, they do not have to wait long for their immortality.

NEW BOOK BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

Mr. Thomas Hughes, who wrote the charming and popular story of "School-days at Rugby," has just published in London another work, called "The Scouring of the White Horse," which is the name of a festival on the borders of Wiltshire and Gloucestershire, where the rude figure of a huge horse is carved in a rock on the hill-side, and is occasionally scoured to preserve it properly.

A London clerk goes down to the Vale of the White Horse to spend his long vacation, and there hears old country legends, and old English sports, and plenty of country dialect. It is a thoroughly and locally English book of the kind to rejoice the heart of Lord John Manners and that class of Young England which holds that the old national sports are essential to British greatness.

> "Therefore I say that wrestling, inasmuch as it is a severe trial of strength, temper, and endurance, may be, and ought to be, one of many right and proper ways of rejoicing before God at these feasts. And I say to any man who has strength for it, and can keep his temper, and carries away no vain or proud thoughts if he wins, and no angry or revengeful thoughts if he loses, play by all means."

There are some songs in the book skillfully written in the provincial patois, two of which we quote.

This is the song of a carter:

CUPID'S GARDEN.

"As I wur in Cu-bit's gardin
Not mwoar nor haf an hour,
'T wur ther I zeed two may-dens
Zittin under Cu-bit's bower,
A-gatherin of sweet jassa-mine,
The lilly and the rose.
These be the fairest flowers
As in the gardin grows.

"I vondly stepped to one o' them,
These words to her I zays,
'Be you engaged to arra young man,
Come tell to me, I prays.'
'I be'ant engaged to narra young man,
I solemnly declare;
I aims to live a may-den,
And still the lau-rel wear.'

"Zays I, 'My stars and gar-ters!
This here's a pretty go,
Vor a vine young mayd as never wos
To zar' all man-kind zo.'
But the t'other young may-den looked sly at me,
And vrom her zeat she risn,
Zays she, 'Let thee and I go our own waay,
And we'll let she go shis'n.'"

And here—

THE ZONG OF THE ZUMMERZETSHIRE OWLD GEAMSTER.

"Cham a Zummerzetshire mun
Coom here to' hev a bit o' vun.
Oo'lt try a bout? I be'ant aveard
Ov any man or mother's zun.

"Cham a geamster owld and tough,
Well knowed droo all the country zide,
And many a lusty Barkshire man
To break my yead hev often tried.

"Who's vor a bout o vriendly plaay,
As never should to anger move?
Zich spwoorts were only meaned vor thaay
As likes their muzzards broke for love."

AN IRISH VIEW OF LOLA MONTES.

This lady is about to lecture in Ireland upon America. It must be agreeable to her to commence her Irish career in the manner stated by the Irish *Vindicator*, of Galway; and it is delightful to us that the justice denied by Dickens and Thackeray should at last be rendered us by Lola Montes.

> "The Countess was received with every attention and respect by the officials and a few friends who went on board on the arrival of the vessel. She wore a flounced black silk dress, sans crinoline, and over it a rich fur mantle trimmed with a beaver fur. Her bonnet was of brown silk, trimmed with purple velvet and a few flowers, and she wore a richly jeweled Maltese cross. In appearance and manner madame is quite prepossessing and agreeable. We had the pleasure of being introduced to her by Captain Trocks, and we can assure our readers that her bearing is quite the reverse of that high-flying, horse-whipping character of which some of our 'best public instructors' have been accustomed to represent her as the type. That she is a 'strong-minded woman,' as the American phraseology describes such persons, there is no manner of doubt; she would tell you so herself. But then the quiet and charming expression of her features, and the graceful and lady-like style of her conversation, not unmixed with a rich dash of quaint humor and fun, would at once enlist the admiration of every one in her society. We learned from herself that she has come to Ireland for the purpose of delivering lectures at Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Belfast, and finally Galway, on 'America—its People and its Social Institutions;' and she added that she means to talk about them as they are, but not as they have been misrepresented by Mr. Dickens, Mr. Mackay, Mr. Thackeray, and others who have already 'done them.'"

THE LAST BUBBLE OF BRUNNEN.

Sir Francis Head once wrote a capital book upon life at a small German mineral spring. He wrote another good one upon "Stokers and Pokers," full of pictures and statistics of railway life in England; also a "Faggot of French Sticks," and something about Ireland, and something else about Canada.

In all these books he appears as a testy, truculent, but extremely entertaining and shrewd John Bull. He has lately, however, written a letter to the London *Times*, in which he figures as an extremely absurd John Bull. It seems that the good Sir Francis dined with the Emperor, and does not speak French. Upon that capital he transacts business, and informs his brethren in England, first, that Louis Napoleon is not a despot; and secondly, that the French people need just such a despotism as Louis Napoleon gives them.

Evidently it is a Head older than it is clear—a collateral descendant of the Westerns, or, as the *Examiner* says, of Sir Francis Wronghead. And his letter curiously illustrates a remark of the *Saturday Review's*, that Louis Napoleon "can not be so altogether crass as to rest satisfied with having bought all that eats and sleeps in France, while he knows that all that thinks and feels is relentlessly against him."

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—Nobody writes the Lounger a letter of complaint, to which he would reply if he could know the details of the circumstance. If Nobody will intrust the name of the article to the Lounger, he will inquire and answer. Certainly there can not justly be complaint of any declination, so it be courteous, upon the ground of too great length, in a communication. The Lounger's own experience informs him that a good paper *must* sometimes be returned because it is too long. Will Nobody be kind enough to write more definitely; and can any body more clearly see the necessary prejudice against an anonymous letter upon such a topic than Nobody himself?

—Zelotes, Montgomery, Alabama, will find

"My only books
Were woman's looks,
And Folly's all they've taught me"

in the songs of Thomas Moore.

Will any friend of the Lounger tell who is the author of the line—

"To die is but to land upon some silent shore?"

—Trap, of Pittsburgh, complains of the epithet "almighty" used in a communication to the Lounger some time since. But it is not necessarily blasphemous. "The almighty dollar" is only a strong, not a sacrilegious, expression; and so when applied in broad badinage to a Lounger it is not properly censurable. The disposition to find impropriety in the generous use of the language is very dangerous, because it tends to confound the shadow with the substance. When Longfellow sings

"But Catawba wine
Has a taste more divine"

does Trap think him blasphemous? And yet divine is certainly as sacred a word as almighty.

—J. H., of Boston, approves of the Lounger's late reply to D. G., who wished to relinquish keeping books and take to writing books. J. H. says:

> "I was born of poor parents—had but a few months of common school education—worked hard on a farm until twenty years old (am now thirty-five). I have now a respectable profession—never graduated in any college—have written essays for various papers, and poems that have been considered good enough to be inserted in the leading papers of New England. I have corresponded with the best papers, and lectured seven years, visiting all the principal cities in the Union."

He says the secret is "patient perseverance;" which the Lounger heartily commends to his friend and correspondent, D. G.

—L., Fayetteville, Lincoln County, Tennessee, wishes to ask if it is grammatical to head a list of publications with "——— (publisher's name) will send *either* of the following works," etc. "I merely ask for information. Now down here in Tennessee, we hear of things being 'mighty big' and 'mighty little,' 'mighty long' and 'mighty short.' We also hear of our neighbors 'making a good many molasses;' and we hear some of our public speakers say, 'He acts like he is crazy;' and we are not at all startled, nor do we feel much shocked, when we hear our learned Judge talk of 'the *Czar of Rush-er;*' because we have not all the advantages that you enjoy; but some of us occasionally look into a Grammar, and when we see a work as valuable as the one I allude to, it is very natural to ask the why and wherefore."

L. will find that the publisher is quite correct in his use of the word. *Either* signifies "one or another of any number" as well as one of two. In the same way it may refer to any one of several clauses; as in the First Book of Kings, chapter 18, "Either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or perhaps he sleepeth."

—C. P. Compte, Louisiana, proposes a problem:

> "What difference in number of palings would be required to build two lines of fence between two points two hundred yards apart. The first to be built on a dead level (horizontal), and the other through a valley, the two hill-sides of which made a perfect right angle, with its vertex midway between the two given points. In both fences the posts to be perpendicular to the horizon, and ten feet apart, measuring horizontally; the palings also perpendicular to the horizon, and two inches wide, and the space between them one inch, measuring horizontally."

—"Many anxious Inquirers," in Coldwater, Michigan, can not see the point or humor of a contribution to the *Weekly*, of which paper they speak very generously. It is a case in which nothing can be done; for if an editor were to explain every thing that might be asked about every thing in his paper, he would find no time to edit it. "Many anxious Inquirers" must overlook what did not please them, on the ground that generally they *are* pleased.

—The Lounger's venerated friend, the Easy Chair of "Harper's Magazine," has sent him the following letter, which the E. C. says it received from Upper Red Hook:

> "It is not fit that your Magazine should teach falsehood on such a simple question as the time of the year when the sap of trees flows freely; yet in your last number the great name of Mr. Thackeray is found sanctioning the doctrine that maple sugar is gotten from the trees in the autumn! He tells us that George was on his way to his home from Fort Duquesne at the season when 'the leaves were beginning to be tinted with the magnificent hues of our Autumn.' And farther down remarks, page 112, 'At this time of the year the hunters who live in the mountains get their sugar from the maples.' Mr. Thackeray could no more get sugar from the maples at that season than he could get blood from a turnip. Now a piece of ignorance like this is shameful in a man setting himself up for a teacher of mankind as Mr. Thackeray does. Yours respectfully,
>
> "J. G. J."

The Lounger has a friend who will not eat an oyster or biscuit for lunch, because, he says, "it is disgraceful to set the whole machinery of digestion in operation for a darned cracker." In like manner, it seems to the Lounger hardly worth while to expend such a burst of wrath upon so slight a slip. What is "falsehood," Mr. "J. G. J.?" Is it not a willful deceit—an intentional untruth? Well, do you suppose Mr. Thackeray intended to deceive us Americans about the time of getting maple-sugar? or the English, either? Do you suppose Mr. Thackeray, or any body else, cares two straws when maple-sugar is made? Besides, you call it "falsehood" in the first line, and "a piece of ignorance" in the last. But if it be the one it can not be the other. The truth is, it is a careless statement, easily enough corrected, and not involving the least obloquy to any person or thing.

To the assertion that Thackeray "sets himself up" as a teacher of mankind, it is enough to assert, on the other hand, that few authors do it so little. The whole tone of his writings is the reverse. "You are a snob, so am I," he always seems to say; "so don't be talking loftily about falsehoods and ignorance. For Heaven's sake, let us all turn to and attend to our own beams!"

—S. A. F., of Carrollton, Green County, Illinois, writes us a pleasant, complimentary letter, in which she asks, "Who wrote the Bridge of Sighs?" Thomas Hood, dear Miss. S. A. F. also wishes to know the names of all the editors and writers in the *Monthly* and *Weekly*. Upon the last number of the *Magazine* she will find some of them—and the rest wear masks for a good purpose.

—Carrie, in the most delicate Italian hand, begins the most delicate criticism upon "Autumn Fruit," published a few numbers since in the Lounger. But why, Carrie, when you are beginning a note of literary fault-finding, do you spell the day of the week in this way—*Teusday?*

You see?

—Michigander apostrophizes the Evening Star:

"Thou orb of glory! from thy far-off home
Thou shinest.—"

The rest *has* "sunk to the bottom."

—The poet who writes to Minnie Gray

"Beneath the willow's bending shade,"

shall have the secret of his verses closely kept.

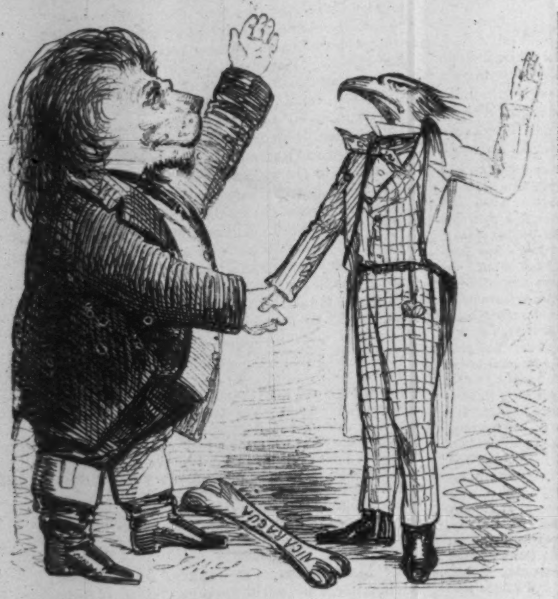
—Ozark, St. Louis, is thanked, and his contribution "respectfully declined."

—Germaine sings the woes of Disunion:

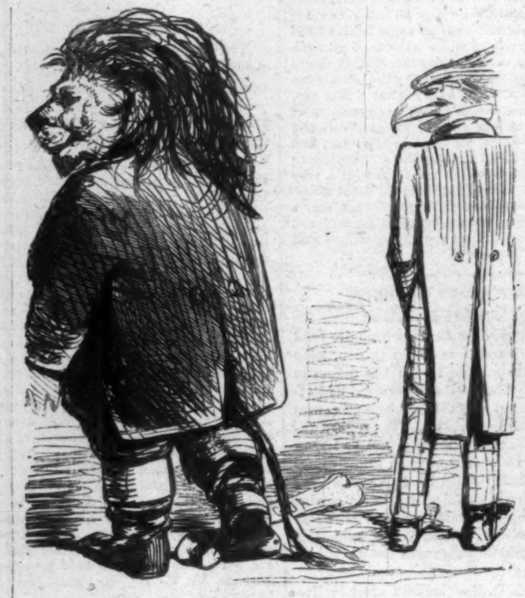
"When banished by disunion—
Fair Freedom, and her reign—
The hated Queen, of scorpion mien,
Shall tread our necks again."

The subject does not seem to inspire.

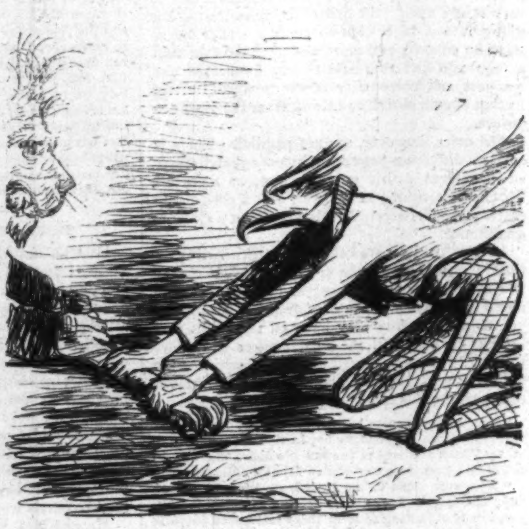
PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS CENTRAL AMERICAN BONE, LIKEWISE OF THE LION, AND THE EAGLE, AND THE COCK, AND THE FILIBUSTER WHO QUARRELED ABOUT THE BONE.



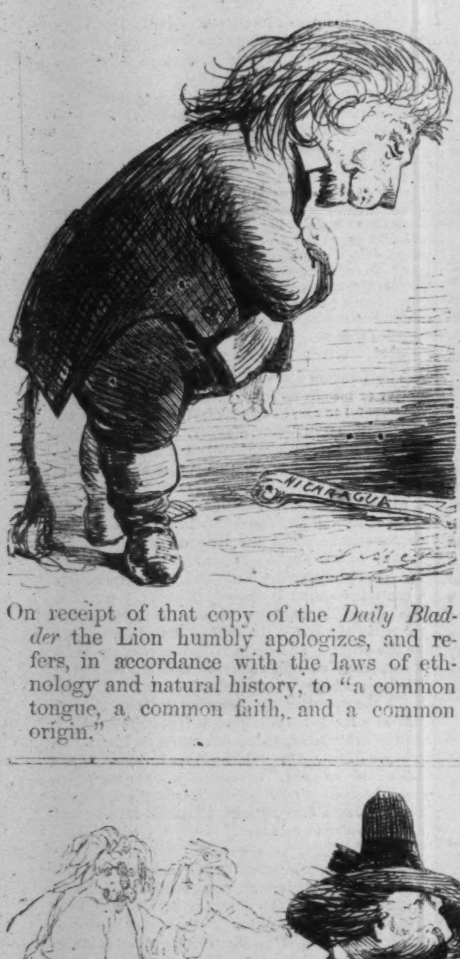
The Lion and the Eagle, after many angry disputes about the Bone, enter into a sacred and solemn (Clayton-Bulwer) compact with each other, never on any account to touch the Bone; and thereto plight they their troth.



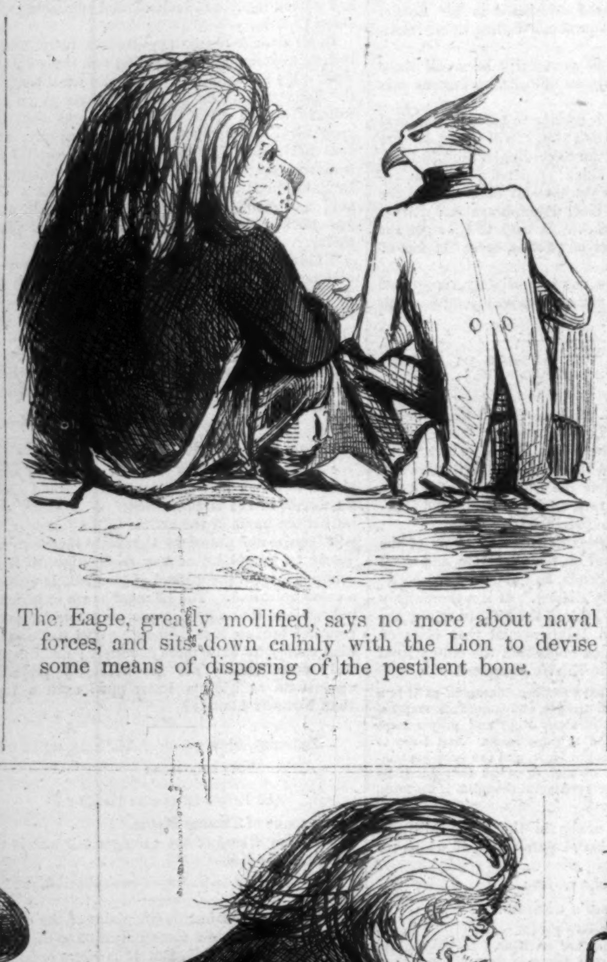
But the bargain is no sooner concluded than the roguish Lion, on his way home, slyly endeavors to drag the Bone along with him.



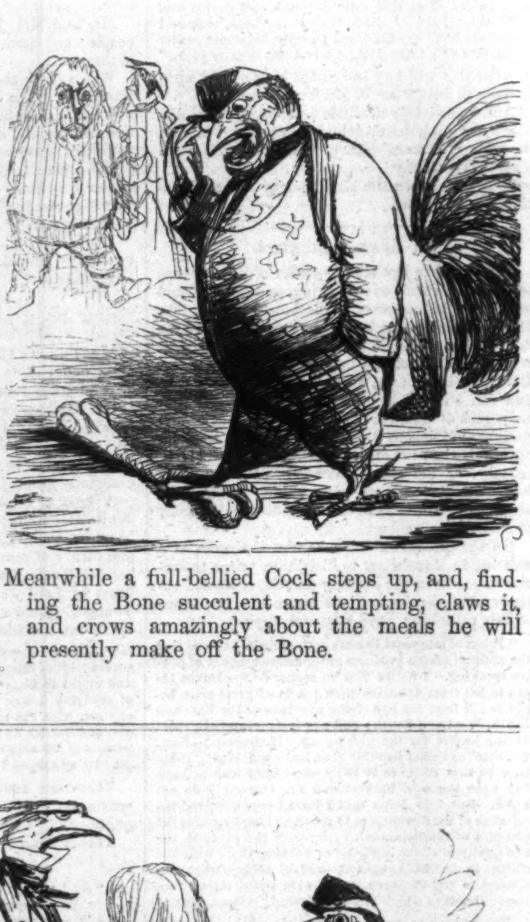
Whereat the justly indignant Eagle pounces fiercely on the Bone; both parties prepare for serious hostilities, and the *Daily Bladder* strikes terror into the Lion by publishing a fresh statement of our naval forces.



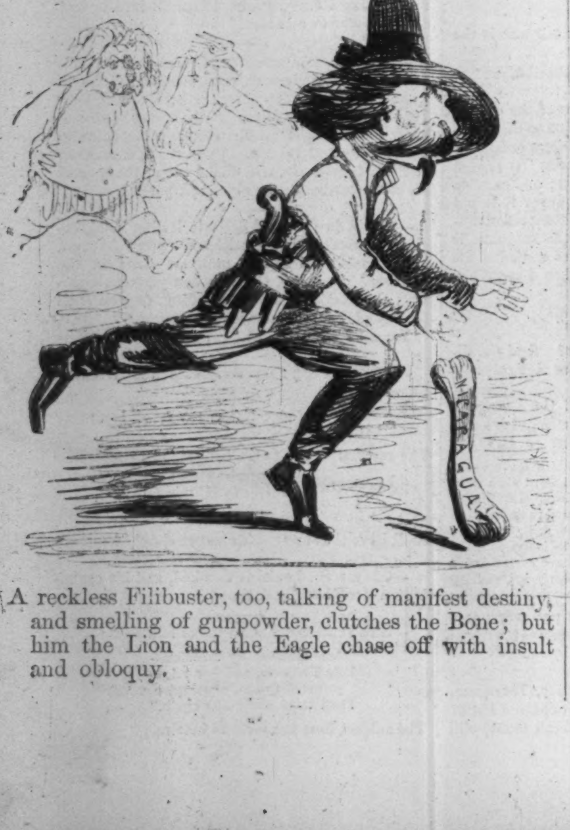
On receipt of that copy of the *Daily Bladder* the Lion humbly apologizes, and refers, in accordance with the laws of ethnology and natural history, to "a common tongue, a common faith, and a common origin."



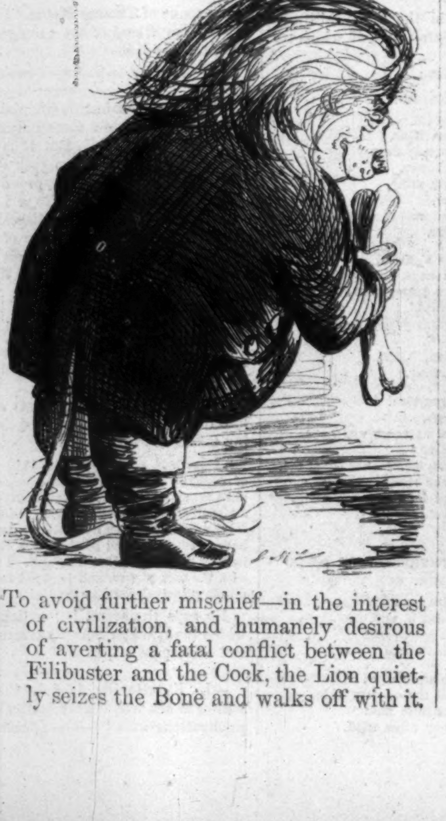
The Eagle, greatly mollified, says no more about naval forces, and sits down calmly with the Lion to devise some means of disposing of the pestilent bone.



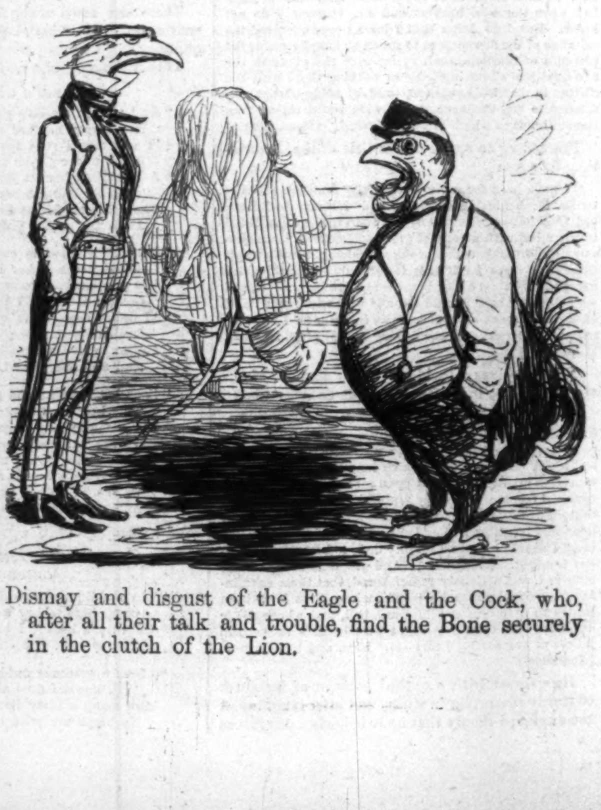
Meanwhile a full-bellied Cock steps up, and, finding the Bone succulent and tempting, claws it, and crows amazingly about the meals he will presently make off the Bone.



A reckless Filibuster, too, talking of manifest destiny, and smelling of gunpowder, clutches the Bone; but him the Lion and the Eagle chase off with insult and obloquy.



To avoid further mischief—in the interest of civilization, and humanely desirous of averting a fatal conflict between the Filibuster and the Cock, the Lion quietly seizes the Bone and walks off with it.



Dismay and disgust of the Eagle and the Cock, who, after all their talk and trouble, find the Bone securely in the clutch of the Lion.

GENERAL JACKSON'S DUEL WITH DICKINSON.

THOSE born and reared in the immediate vicinity of spots renowned for remarkable events, for the residence of the great, or on account of the wonderful works of Art or Nature which may be there located, seldom duly appreciate, and sometimes even fail to apprehend, the claims which such persons or places may hold on the well-merited homage of mankind.

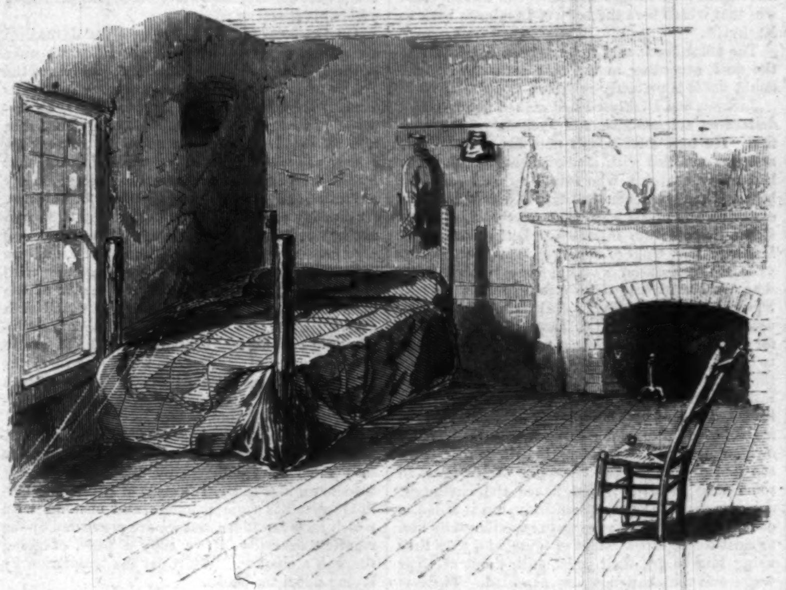
With such sentiments was I impressed on the occasion of a visit which I happened lately to make in an adjoining county of another State, upon the reflection that I first saw the light, and have lived almost to middle age, within a short day's ride of the dueling ground rendered historical by the single combat between the military hero and statesman sage, General Jackson, and the foully influenced but truly celebrated marksman, Dickinson; and that, too, without being ever before induced by curiosity or my boundless admiration for the immortal patriot to enter upon so short a pilgrimage.

Just fifty years ago two young men, one a plowboy of fifteen, had just reached the scene of their daily labor on a cool, calm, bright morning in April. They were the sons of an emigrant who had lately removed west of the Alleghanies, and settled in what is now Logan County, Kentucky, just where the middle fork of Red River crosses the line between that State and Tennessee. Scarcely had the lad taken hold of his rude implement to begin his daily task—for the sun had barely lifted itself above the tangled horizon—when his ear was startled by the sharp cracks of two pistols down the river, and in such rapid succession that one just could distinguish the two from a single report.

Little did the youth imagine the import of the ominous reverberation as it came flying along the dense atmosphere which overhung the calm surface of the mill-pond, saluting in succession with an extra report each promontory of the bluff which, on one side or other of the stream, intervened between himself and the source of the sound. Much less did he imagine that one of the charges whose explosion broke the stillness of the morn and fell so sharply on his ear, at the same time sped a ball, with deadly velocity, into the bosom and near the heart of his future commander, under whose banner he was to march to victories fruitful of renown to himself and his country, and bring near unto death a life which was first to deliver that country from the hands of its enemy, and then bequeath to it an indestructible system of political principles.

On the 29th of April, 1807, a party of ten or twelve horsemen rode up about sunset, and asked lodgings at the house of David Miller, who resided one mile below, and west of the point, where the road from Russelville to Nashville crosses the State line between Kentucky and Tennessee. The overseer, Jacob Smith, to whom I am indebted for many important facts, replied in the affirmative, and with their chief, General Jackson, the party took up lodgings for the night. Scarcely, however, had their horses been taken, when a second party rode up and likewise requested lodgings.

The hospitable manager answered in reply that they never turned off travelers, but that the house was already full; whereupon Dickinson, for he it was, inquiring for the next house, and obtaining the services of a negro boy to show them the way, again resumed his journey. Descending the river about two miles, they reached the house of Billy Harrison, where they likewise obtained lodgings. Michael Keller now lives there—an old gentleman of Dutch descent. His dining-room is that in which Dickinson died, and in this I dined on the day of my visit. My informant, Jacob Smith, now a wealthy and respectable farmer in the immediate neighborhood, having long since risen from his then humble profession, and a man of undoubted veracity, states that Jackson's place of entertainment, then his home, was noted far and wide for the good quality of its fare and accommodations; so that, notwithstanding its removal of a mile from the public road, travelers were always willing to receive its bounty in return for that digression. He says the old hero—then, however, only about middle-aged—ate as hearty a supper as ever, enlivening it with his usual affability; and so completely unfeigned was his easiness of manner that it was impossible to detect any alteration in his deportment. He says, from all he could learn, his repose was perfect the night preceding the exciting game—a game in which life was the stake. The party rose early next morning, mounted without breakfast, and as many as the code of honor allowed took the road to the preconcerted ground. It lay along the river, and was the same by which Dickinson departed. A specification in the terms of the duel was, that it should take place "on Red River, near Harrison's Mills." Being debarred by the custom of dueling, as were all except physicians and seconds, and much against the charm which involuntarily drew him to the fatal spot, he proceeded with his hands to the scene of his daily employment. And now comes an hour of suspense, heightened by that involuntary feeling of esteem with which the yet unfledged hero is said to have inspired all who came within the circle of his companionship.



ROOM IN WHICH DICKINSON DIED.

My informant's admiration for the old General seems almost to amount to enthusiasm. Probably, could he have known then how valuable a life was about being brought to the threshold of death, his interest might have expanded into deep solicitude; but this was a secret as yet inclosed in the Book of Fate. He relates: "Scarcely had we resumed our labor when the awful report, resounding deeply through the heavy forest, and not followed by any repetition, warned us that the die was cast. So very rapid was the succession of reports that the negroes at work with me all thought it a single one; but from the prolonged duration of the sound, like that of a hanging fire from a single gun, I knew it to indicate a quick succession of two." So much for the ground have they to go upon who gratify party spleen by the base calumny that Jackson reserved his fire, and afterward deliberately walked up to a defenseless man, and, with an oath of exulting revenge, savagely blew out his brains. And may this faithful account, given by these truthful old gentlemen, William Dudley and Jacob Smith—the former being the lad mentioned at the outset—forever stamp this malicious falsehood with the just condemnation it deserves. From a life-long acquaintance with the former, I know, also, that the vividness of his recollection may be as confidently relied on as his undoubted character for veracity; and the additional circumstance that his account is in the face of his political proclivities, having always gloried in the name of an old Clay Whig, is still further evidence to what extent he is proof against the warping influence of prejudice.

His language on the point is graphic. With all the energy of a zealous lawyer pleading an important cause, says he, talking as plainly with his head, hands, and features, as with his tongue, "I remember that as plain as if it took place yesterday;" striking the palms of his hands together, clap—clap, as rapidly as possible, "that is the way, for all the world, that the two pistols sounded; and, mor'n that, my son, I heard 'em jest as plain as I can see you settin' thar in that chair;" then clapping his hands again, "now they couldn't a gone off much closer together than that, could they?" said he. The calumny was current in the immediate neighborhood for some time afterward; but even the enemies of Jackson, who make any pretensions to respectability, have long since renounced it as a slander and a fiction of party malevolence.

Late in the morning the sound of horses' hoofs at some distance in the timber announced the return of the party; but whether following or carrying their leader, Mr. Smith says, could not at first be discerned. Only a short time elapsed, however, before the party came into view, when his tall stooping form was distinguished, bearing no trace of harm, and betraying in his countenance no more than his accustomed composure.

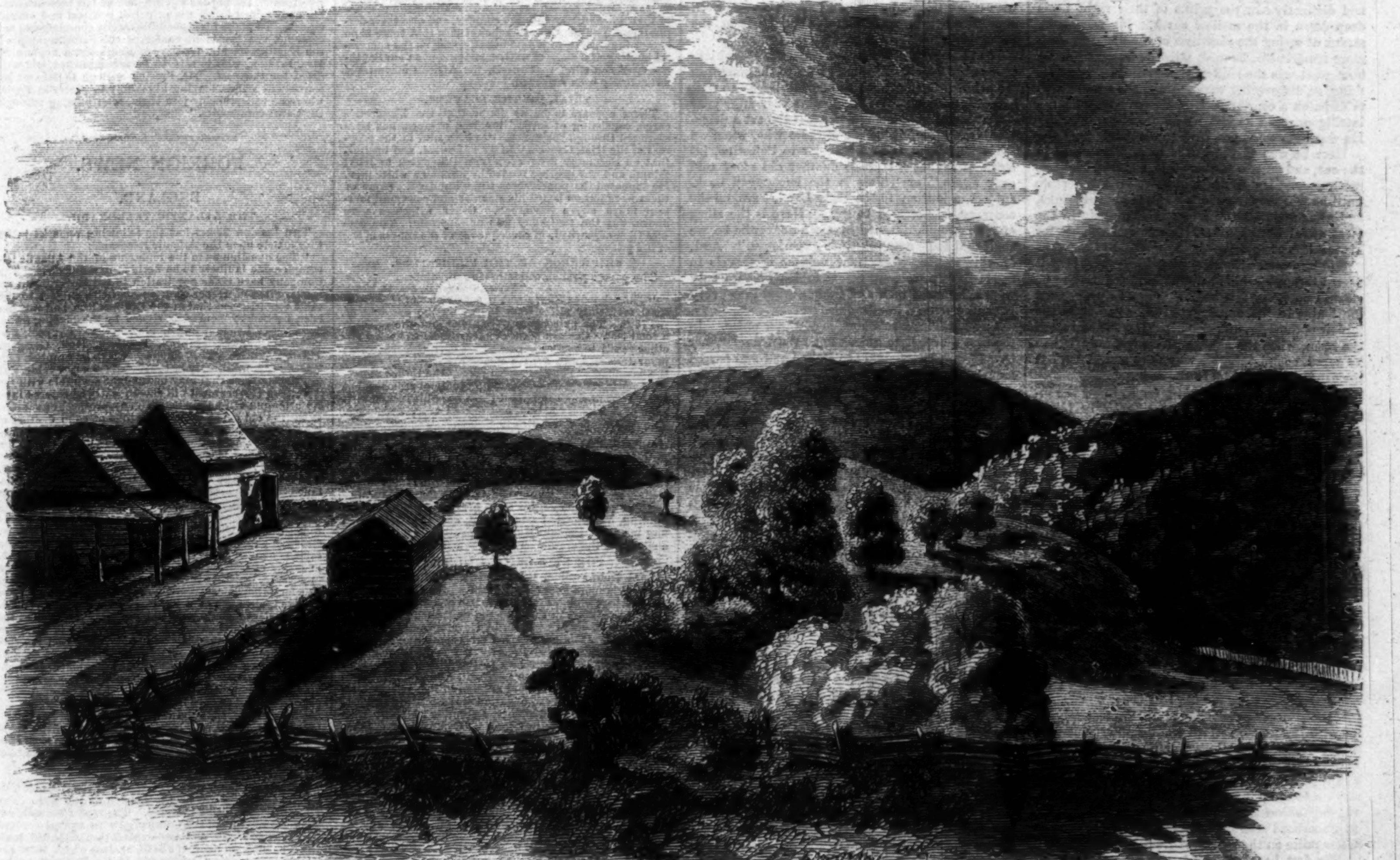
It was not known he was hurt until he rode up to the spring house and asked for his celebrated "quart of buttermilk." He inquired of Cely, the dairy-woman, if she had any buttermilk. She answered that it was just as much, for the butter had barely come; whereupon he told her just to push the butter back and pour him out some. She obeyed; and, it is said, he broke his fast by turning off a quart. Their conversation could not be heard at the distance; but he was seen, while there, to open his bosom and show her where the ball of his antagonist had cut half its thickness out across his breast. The party then, obtaining their articles from the house, set off for Springfield, where they took breakfast. This is commonly called, in the neighborhood, "his quart of buttermilk."

The houses which held the combatants the night previous to the duel are two miles apart, and situated on the right bank of Red River, one of the most beautiful streams in the world. The river runs westwardly the whole distance, a most lovely and fertile river-bottom intervening between the two residences. Here was the scene of the combat, then a primeval forest of poplar, oak, and hickory, now one of the handsomest farms of the West. It belongs to, and forms a part of the large property of, Michael Keller, a hospitable old gentleman, of Dutch descent, who now lives in the house of Dickinson's entertainment. Through this, and close to the river, wound the road.

"Mounting my horse about mid-day," says Mr. Smith, "under the influence of a natural feeling of curiosity to see all I could about it, and following the road, I found their place of divergence after riding little over a mile.

"Here, turning to the right and proceeding a short distance, I came upon the spot.

"It lay in a part of the forest thinly grown with large poplar trees, having a pawpaw patch immediately in advance, and being distant one-third of a mile from the stream."



THE DUELING GROUND.

Let us imagine the gloomy civility with which the parties met face to face in the last road which one of them, at least, was ever to travel alive; the ironical courtesy of the salutation, for "honor" demands a punctilious etiquette in every tête-à-tête on such occasions; the ominous halt; the reconnoissance to determine the most fatal ground; and the consultation and final agreement upon the most eligible position. Then comes the fastening and dismounting from their horses, and assembling together; the mingling of surgeons and seconds to lay off the ground—this latter with an eye to sharing the sun equally; measuring the distance and driving the pegs; and, lastly, the significant task of loading the pistols. Each charge of powder must be measured fairly and conspicuously to all; and then, by a forced union of honor and barbarity, the balls are successively held up to view between thumb and forefinger, inserted in the muzzles, and pushed home, to await their dreadful mission. Meanwhile the principals, standing aloof, are engaged in divesting themselves of unsuitable garments, or donning more convenient ones, and, as is sometimes the case, striving to cheat death of its terrors by a fastidious arrangement of dress. General Jackson is said to have worn a very large full over-coat on the occasion. Lots then being drawn for choice of position and who shall give the word, the principals are placed, and preparations are completed with the ironical courtesy of passing the fatal salver. This likewise is a matter of lot, for the weapons can not be distinguished. Sixteen feet was the distance at which the duel was fought, which will be better appreciated by reflecting that it is only five paces and one foot. Now couple this with the fact that Dickinson, the day before, when his party stopped for dinner at Springfield, practicing at the image of a man, fired four balls, instantaneously after the command each time, into a space capable of being covered by a silver dollar, and some idea can be formed of the barbarity of duels in those days. It is said, also, on the same good authority, that Dickinson was so confident of killing Jackson that he was induced to authorize bets to the amount of three thousand dollars that such would be the case.

All that now remained was for attendants to retire to a safe position and give the words of command. They fired, but no one fell; and for the instant it might have been inferred that it was either to be made up, or the whole to be gone over with. But an instant revealed the real state of affairs, and Dickinson's friends ran forward to sustain him. A dark stream of blood spirted from his side, and an ominous indication was afforded in the fruitless endeavor to stanch it. A bending pawpaw bush, standing hard by, afforded a convenient place to recline him while undergoing the process of examination.

It was found that the ball had entered the side above the point of the hip-bone, and below the ribs, and, passing entirely through the body, was retarded by the opposite hip-bone, and lodged just within the skin. The small difficulty of extraction but showed the great danger of the wound; and all hope was soon destroyed by the discovery of mingled hemorrhage and purging.

Large quantities of blood streamed from the wound, my informant affirming that it was spilled over a length of six feet; and so deep, that it was of very perceptible depth at the hour of his visit, though the ground was so soft as to yield easily to pressure from the foot. He noticed the pegs at which they planted their feet while they fought, and distinctly saw the prints of their right heels deep down in the mellow earth. He was much struck at seeing the shortness of the distance—the more remarkable, he said, when it was considered how great was the skill of the duelists. The first thing, on discovering the nature of the wound, was to dispatch a courier to Dickinson's wife with the intelligence that he was "dangerously wounded." He was then conveyed back to his lodgings.

Here he was placed in the room represented in the cut, and on two feather-beds, underlaid by two mattresses. He writhed in unremitting torture until he was too far gone to exhibit his sufferings, and gave vent all the while to his agony in the most awful blasphemy. He was remarkable for his reckless profanity.

So profuse was the flow from his wound that it passed through all his bedding, and required to be cleaned up every few hours. Thus he progressed until nine in the evening. The bed stood in the middle of the floor, and a brilliant light illuminated the room, when the clock struck nine. Just then he asked, complainingly, why they had blown out the candle and left him in the dark.

The surgeon shook his head, for he knew the infallible omen. He had gone completely blind. The last spark of light went out to him on earth.

Again he commenced cursing, repeating, "God damn the ball that entered my body!" and within five minutes from the time of his blindness his spirit had fled from that suffering body.

Dickinson was a man of great wealth, and was the husband of a blooming wife of twenty-five. He lived in Nashville, now, as then, the capital of Tennessee.

He arose several hours before dawn on the day he left home. His wife was ignorant of the duel; and being aroused by his restless pacing to and fro, asked what was the matter. He told her that he was to start that morning, on business, across Red River, in Kentucky; but that he would be sure to be back "by to-morrow night." Then approaching the bed, and taking her cheeks between his hands, he kissed her for the last time, remarking, tenderly, "Good-by, darling!" and immediately set off with his party. With what soul-crushing effect the dreadful tidings fell upon her heart we may endeavor, at least, to imagine. Suffice it to say that her carriage had accomplished the long day's ride while it was yet early in the evening of the day following his death, and she arrived in the neighborhood before the news had spread more than a few miles on the road along which she came.

She first heard of his death about three miles from where he was; and her road led by the residences of both my informants. They are unanimous in declaring it the most overwhelming picture of grief they ever witnessed. She appeared to rave with mental agony, and every breath uttered a piercing shriek, until she reached the object of her deep distress. Her youth and beauty added much to the great sympathy all felt for her in her sad bereavement. When she reached his lifeless form she rushed upon it in a frenzy of grief, and gave vent to her feelings in kisses, embraces, and wild lamentations. His coffin soon arrived from a neighboring village, and, after passing the lonely vigils of the night in holding an affectionate guardianship over his mortal remains, she set off, next morning, to conduct back the mournful cortége. The wagon which brought the aforementioned emigrant family out to the West was that which bore the body of Dickinson back to Nashville.

The following is said to have been the origin of the duel, according to the best authority; and I doubt not it is perfectly reliable:

Jackson and Dickinson had staked five hundred dollars on a horse-race, and Jackson proved winner. He took Dickinson's note for the amount, and was satisfied with its indorsement. Jackson had many enemies, who feared as well as hated him. They were men destitute of honor, and generally objects of his somewhat overbearing disposition to persecute injustice. Dickinson was a leader of that class of sporting men about Nashville, while Jackson was the champion of those who considered that there was justice as well as honor even in gambling. Jackson's enemies naturally crowded around Dickinson, and laid in wait for the first opportunity that might present itself to bring him in collision with the latter. This was the first occasion, and they made use of it, in violation of all truth and mercy, for they forced Dickinson—who it seems was, in some respects, of an amiable and credulous disposition—beyond his own animosity and suspicions, to believe that Jackson had disparaged the character of his note, in some way or other; and hence the challenge. Jackson denied the charge entirely, but it failed to conciliate Dickinson, or even to be believed by him against the representations of those who were thus using him to get their great enemy out of their way; and the challenge was accepted. There is an important moral contained in this story, which may be acquired to the advantage of all young men, viz., that want of skill in the use of weapons is an honorable safeguard to a person's life. Had Dickinson been no marksman he would never have fought the duel with Jackson.

LITERARY.

THE LAND AND THE BOOK is the title of two superb 12mo volumes lying on our table, from the press of Harper & Brothers.

The pilgrim who had brought home the scallop-shell from the Bosphorus, the palm-branch from Hebron, a few drops of Jordan water from the ford of the Baptism, and countless stories of his pilgrimage for listening ears in the long evenings of a slow-passing life that stretched away between him and the other Jerusalem—the other and holier Land of Promise—such a pilgrim, in old times, found no other such joy as that of describing to his friends the remains of the old glories of Palestine; and making them, as well as he was able, the partakers of his own joy, even to exultation, at having, with much toil and dust and foot-weariness, even almost to death, bathed in Jordan, knelt at the Sepulchre, and won the palm.

If old Laurence Kostar, or Guttenberg—whichever of the two it was—had given to the world, in the art of printing, but this one privilege—to wit, of reading these stories of pilgrims year after year—that alone were enough to make the art a priceless blessing. For we are of those who, when we see a new book from a traveler to Palestine, instead of saying "Here is another old story told over again," or "This is the hackneyed book-subject, a journey to the Holy Land," are, on the contrary, accustomed to say, "Here is the story of one more pilgrim, and in it, whosoever he be, we shall find some new pilgrim's experience." And, for this reason, every new volume of travels in Syria finds a welcome at our table; and we only wish a hundred men and women would go every year and write a hundred books.

But Dr. Thomson's book is of a new order. In the first place, it is a book not by a traveler, nor by one who has visited the Holy Land and passed months, or one, two, or three years there; but by one who may be called a resident of the Land. A book on Syria by a Syrian! For if he was not born there, he has grown from youth to mature years there, until it has become his home. From his house—now at Jerusalem, now on the wall of Sidon—he has seen a quarter of a century's revolutions on the world's surface; and all this time he has learned hourly more and more of illustrative truth about the Land and the Book.

Dr. Thomson has been for thirty years a resident of the Holy Land, at Beirut, Jerusalem, Sidon, and elsewhere. He does not, therefore, write as one who sketches on horseback, but as the calm and steadfast observer, to whom Palestine has become a sort of native country; and the hills and valley that we consider almost as distant as the events which sanctified them, have grown to be the familiar walks and rides and rests of a lifetime.

It is no book of travels; neither is it a book of controversies about holy places. As the pilgrim stories we have spoken of were designed to quicken the love of those who staid at home for the holy soil, this book goes further, and is designed to show how one who has lived in the Land thirty years has found illustrations innumerable of the truth of the Sacred Record, and has learned from the Land infinite interpretations of the Book; in fact, to show that the Bible is the Book of Palestine, and that every hill and river, every tree and flower, the manners and customs of the inhabitants in modern times, as well as the remains of ancient times visible in tombs and ruins; the trees and the vines, the wells and the houses, every thing in Palestine, illustrate the Bible and help to understand it.

The learned author has *lived* while he has been in Palestine. He has never lost an hour to have accumulated this store of illustration, which makes the Bible a new book even to old men who have well studied it.

These volumes take rank at once as the authoritative books on the Holy Land. No reader can hesitate to yield assent to Dr. Thomson's topographical conclusions; and no books of passing travelers, whoever they may be, will possess any weight of authority where they differ from the Sidon missionary. Yet Dr. Thomson makes no show of learning. He states the arguments on all sides, and, quietly, his own opinion, and the reader yields his assent of necessity.

On the so-called "Holy Places" at Jerusalem the author expresses no opinion. He states some of the arguments in a conversation, and leaves the reader to seek authorities elsewhere. At Bethlehem, Bethsaida, and sundry other points, he disposes of learned cavilers with distinguished ease and grace. But these instances of controversy are rare in the volumes, which are marked throughout by the most winning tenderness of feeling. They are suited to old and young; for home, for libraries, for Sunday-schools; for presents to the aged who are approaching the Holy Land, and to the young who hope to see the earthly Canaan first, and the other and holier yet later. We may say with frankness and enthusiasm that no reader of the book will condemn, that we have never read such a book; that there is nothing so delicious, so enthralling as these two volumes in all the literature of Eastern travel. Since we have read them the Bible is a new book. Such stories as that of Ruth become life-like, speaking, a thousand-fold interesting and intelligible.

We must close our notice of the books here. We have turned over the leaves of the volumes to seek some brief extracts by which to give our readers an idea of Dr. T.'s style of explaining biblical allusions from manners and customs with which he is familiar; but we are prevented by the manifest necessity, if we copy a page, of going through a chapter. We resist the temptation by laying down the books.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE NEWLY IMPORTED AFRICANS.

A LETTER to the New York *Daily Times* says: "The object of the present letter is to inform you, agreeably to promise, of any matters or proofs touching the introduction of the African negroes by the schooner *Wanderer*. The fullest proofs have, at last, passed before my own eyes, dissipating all further doubts upon the subject. I have just seen the identical negroes brought from Africa by Captain Corrie, or his accomplices. They are the real simon-pure Congo negroes. They came here from Macon, Georgia. Though they can not understand a word, they will repeat with excellent pronunciation every word spoken to them. They evince much curiosity in what is passing around them, and appear desirous to understand our language. They are a fine, athletic race of negroes, much superior to those described as captured on board the *Echo*.

"The presence of these strange beings in this place in such large numbers creates a great deal of excitement, and crowds are thronging from all parts to get a sight of them. Meantime fierce discussions are heard on all sides as to the propriety of reopening the slave-trade. The negroes, who appear to be in the hands of speculators, will go down the Alabama River this evening upon the steamer *St. Nicholas*. As I shall also take passage on the same boat, I shall not omit the opportunity to learn all the particulars I can concerning the manner of their introduction into the country, and also their destination. You may assure your readers that there is no longer the shadow of a doubt that, so far as the successful landing of a cargo of native Africans upon our Southern coast can effect that result, the African slave-trade has actually been reopened."

TRIAL OF THE SLAVERS.

There appears to be no doubt that the *Wanderer's* cargo, consisting of several hundred negroes, has been scattered through the South. On 30th ult., in the progress of the trial, Captain Christy was called, and testified that on December 2 he went from Brunswick to Jekyl Island, and saw negroes landed by unknown white men. He supposed the number was three hundred. Some of them were put on board his steamer and conveyed fourteen miles above Savannah. Other witnesses were sworn, but the testimony was unimportant. The case was then adjourned, in consequence of the illness of one of the prisoners.

SHIPWRECK OF THE FILIBUSTERS.

The papers publish the following dispatches:

"BELIZE, HONDURAS, *Dec.* 20, 1858.

"The schooner *Susan* was wrecked on the Glovers, a coral reef, sixty miles from Belize, on the morning of the 16th. The passengers were saved, but the vessel is a total loss. Captain Maury endeavored to charter another vessel to carry his passengers on. Governor Seymour tendered the British steamer *Basilisk* to convey the passengers to any Southern port of the United States. An American captain circulated prejudicial reports; but the Governor chose to regard them as shipwrecked citizens of a friendly nation, and offered every assistance. The passengers will return to Mobile."

"NEW ORLEANS, *Jan.* 1, 1859.

"The British war-steamer *Basilisk* arrived in Mobile Bay this morning from Belize, Honduras, with 100 shipwrecked passengers of the schooner *Susan*, who were taken aboard on the 26th, by order of the Governor of Belize, and treated gentlemanly by the British officers.

"The passengers have since arrived at Mobile. On landing, a procession was formed, and the Nicaraguan flag hoisted. Captain Maury was called out, and made a speech to the crowd. There is much excitement."

THE NEW BRITISH MINISTER.

Lord Dunfermline, the new British Minister to this country, is more generally known as the Honorable Sir Ralph Abercromby, K.C.B. He was attached to the mission to Frankfort in 1821; to the embassy to the Hague in February, 1824; at Paris in November, 1824; Secretary to the Plenipotentiaries for negotiating with the United States in 1826; Precis writer in the Foreign Office, July 5, 1827; Secretary to the Viscount (the late) Strafford's special mission to Brazil, August 19, 1828; to the Lord Ponsonby's special mission to Brussels, December 2, 1830; Secretary of Legation at Berlin, July 11, 1831; Minister Resident at Florence, December 26, 1835; Minister Plenipotentiary to Germanic Confederation, January 2, 1839; Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Turin, May 30, 1840; made a K.C.B. March 1, 1851, and transferred to the Hague, 1851. The date of his appointment to his present rank is May 30, 1840. He was born April 6, 1803; and is, consequently, nearly fifty-six years of age. He married on the 18th of September, 1838, Lady Mary Elliot, eldest daughter of the Earl of Minto, and has a daughter. His father was the uncle of the late Lady Panmure. It is to be hoped that his eighteen years of diplomatic service will enable him to discharge his duties to the satisfaction of both countries.

A PACIFIC OCEAN CABLE.

The United States surveying schooner *Fenimore Cooper*, Lieutenant Brooke, lately arrived at Honolulu from San Francisco. The deep-sea surveys of her officers have made known the facts that much inaccuracy exists in the charts of the route from San Francisco to China, and that several islands marked on the maps as dangerous were not found at all. Lieutenant Brooke is of opinion that a Pacific telegraph cable can be safely and easily laid, and that communication by that means can be opened between California, China, and Japan. A native Japanese, who acted as interpreter to the expedition, and who was educated in the family of Senator Gwin, of California, is most anxious to return home and seek his fortune in politics and diplomacy under the Emperor.

OPIUM EATING IN THE UNITED STATES.

One of the curious facts recently revealed by the publication of Custom-house tables is, that there was imported into this country last year 300,000 pounds of opium. Of this amount it is estimated from reliable data, that not more than one-tenth is used for medical purposes. The habit of eating opium is known to be spreading rapidly among lawyers, doctors, clergymen, and literary men; and enormous quantities are used by the manufacturers of those poisonous liquids which are dealt out in drinks in the saloons and groggeries that infest every city and village in the country.

A FIGHT WITH CAMANCHES.

The Port Gibson *Reveille* has been shown a private letter from a gallant officer, a native of Claiborne County, Mississippi. The letter was to a member of his family, and referring to his recent desperate conflict with the Camanches, he says:

"I charged a party of Indians during the battle, which lasted about an hour, and after shooting one of them, got shot myself, one arrow entering my arm a little above the wrist, and lodging near the elbow; another entered my right side, passed through the upper part of my stomach, ranging upward, cut the lower part of my left lung, and came out on my left side. When I pulled the arrows from me, the blood followed as if weary of service and impatient to rob me of life, spilling like red wine from a drunkard's tankard. It was sublime to stand thus on the brink of the dark abyss, and the contemplation was awful. I was doubtful for some time if I should survive. I had faced death often, but never so palpably before. I gasped in dreadful agony for several hours, but finally became easy, and am now well. My noble, faithful horse, sprinkled with blood, stood over me where I fell, and looked the sympathy he could not utter; and if I had died there, he would not have been friendless. If several soldiers had not come up as I was shot, I would have been stuck as full of arrows as Gulliver was by the Liliputians, and my best friends could not have picked me out from among a dozen dead porcupines."

PERSONAL.

President Buchanan has determined, it is rumored, to make a tour through North Carolina next summer, and to attend the Commencement at Chapel Hill College.

General James Gadsden, of South Carolina, died at Charleston on the 26th of December. General Gadsden was a native of South Carolina, and was about sixty years of age. He was a brother of Bishop Gadsden. Appointed Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of the United States to Mexico in 1853, General Gadsden's name is chiefly associated with the treaty executed in 1854, between Mexico and the United States. That instrument is generally known as the "Gadsden Treaty." Under its provisions the boundary line between the two countries was definitely settled, a Commission was appointed to survey the line, and the 6th and 7th articles of the treaty of Guadaloupe-Hidalgo were abrogated; Mexico granting the free navigation of the Colorado River and the Gulf of California; and in consideration of the stipulations agreed upon on the part of Mexico, the United States guaranteed the payment to the Mexican Government of the sum of ten millions of dollars. Mr. Gadsden, since his retirement from diplomatic life, has taken no active part in national affairs.

The Hon. George Eustis, ex-Chief-Justice of Louisiana, died, aged sixty-three, at New Orleans on the 23d ult. He was a native of Washington and a graduate of Harvard with distinguished honors. At the Hague, where he was Private Secretary to his uncle, George Eustis, then Minister there, he began his legal studies. In 1845 he became Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, which post he held till 1852. The Hon. George Eustis, Jun., who represents the 1st District of Louisiana in Congress, is his son.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *American* says: "Mr. Preston, the Minister to Spain, will leave this city on the 2d, and sail the 6th of January for Liverpool. During his sojourn here he has been hospitably entertained in all the principal political and official circles. To make his diplomatic family complete and acceptable, the President conferred the Secretaryship of the Legation on Mr. Wooley, of Kentucky, a nephew of Mrs. Preston, who is said to be accomplished and well fitted for the post. Mr. Preston will go to Madrid by convenient stages, leaving his family to winter in Paris, where he will probably join them, after passing through the Court ceremonies."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

THE London *Times* has the following remarks in its City article upon the Atlantic telegraph:

"The question as to the replacing of the Atlantic telegraph cable is likely to be decided in a few days. The Company have made application to the Government for a guarantee of 4½ per cent. on £537,000, subject to the same conditions as that of the Red Sea line, and this has been backed by memorials signed by the leading firms, not only of London, but of Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, Halifax, Bradford, Hull, Glasgow, Paisley, and Norwich. Supposing it to be granted, contracts will immediately be concluded for a new cable, and any negotiations that may be thought desirable with the American Government will subsequently be entered into. No attempts can be made, with any prospect of success, to lift the old cable until the return of calm weather at the end of April or May, and even under the best circumstances, the expectations with regard to the operation are not favorable. Meanwhile, it has been definitely ascertained that the existing damage was not at the shore end. The laying of the new end has been completed to a distance of twelve miles out from Valentia, and the portion taken up was found to be in a perfect condition for all electrical purposes. Experiments lately undertaken by a person previously unconnected with the enterprise, strongly support the original inference that the main fault is about 270 miles from the Irish coast, at a depth, probably of 900 fathoms. There is also a fault on the other side, which is thought to be about 300 miles from Newfoundland. Currents, however, still continue to be received, although of a kind so feeble and uncertain as to be useless for any practical purpose. At present the telegraph is in charge of Mr. Henley, who is manufacturing an apparatus such as his experience on the spot leads him to think may yet possibly lead to some results; but in no case could there be a hope of achieving permanently any satisfactory communication otherwise than by an entirely new line. After the unanimous expression of opinion, not merely by the commercial towns, but the people at large, that the work is one the nation should not allow to fail, it may be presumed there is little doubt of the required help being accorded, subject to such stipulations as may protect the general interests of the public.

WHAT THE COMPANY ARE DOING.

An extraordinary general meeting of the Atlantic Telegraph Company was held in London on the 15th. The Hon. Stuart Wortley presided. The report showed that the total receipts of the Company on its capital account had been £387,479, and the expenditure £364,046, leaving a balance on hand of £8449, against which there are various outstanding liabilities. Free shares to the value of £75,000 had been issued to projectors, in the purchase of their original rights and privileges. The chairman made a lengthy explanation of the condition of the Company's cable. It had been underrun for a distance of eleven miles from Ireland, and found perfect. The directors, for want of funds, were unable to carry on further operations. They had appealed to the Government for a guaranty of four and-a-half per cent. on £635,000 of new capital, with which to construct and lay a new cable, but no decision had been received. He urged upon the proprietors harmonious and energetic action as the only way to insure success, and moved the adoption of the directors' report, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. Whitehouse, the late electrician of the Company, called attention to the establishment of another Company for establishing telegraphic communication with America by means of a southern route, and having half of its capital subscribed. He had been instructed to state the conditions under which a fusion of the two companies might be effected. Several shareholders suggested that such a matter could not be entertained by the meeting, and the chairman said that, pending the negotiations with the Government, the proposition ought not to be discussed. Mr. Whitehouse withdrew the subject, and an adjournment until the general meeting in February was unanimously carried.

DICKENS ON SELF-MADE MEN.

Charles Dickens lately distributed the prizes to the successful competitors at the recent Educational Establishment for Working Men at Manchester. In the course of his speech on the subject he said:

"Let me name a few of the most interesting cases of prize-holders and certificate-gainers who will appear before you. There are two poor brothers from near Chorley, who work from morning to night in a coal-pit, and who in all weathers have walked eight miles a night three times a week to attend the classes in which they have gained distinction. There are two other poor boys from Bollington, who began life as piecers at a shilling and eighteenpence a week, and the father of one of whom was cut to pieces by the machinery at which he worked, but not before he had himself founded the institution in which his son has since come to be taught. These two poor boys have taken the second-class prize in chemistry. There is a plasterer from Bury, sixteen years of age, who took a third-class certificate last year at the hands of Lord Brougham, and who has exerted himself so strenuously since that he is this year again successful in a competition three times as severe. There is a wagon-maker from the same place, who knew little or absolutely nothing until he was a grown man, and who has learned all he knows, which is a great deal, in the local institution. There is a chain-maker, in very humble circumstances, and working hard all day, who walked six miles a night three nights a week to attend the classes in which he has won a famous place. There is a moulder in an iron-foundry, who, while he was working twelve hours a day before the furnace, got up at four o'clock in the morning to learn drawing. There is a piecer at mule-frames, who could not read at eighteen, who is now a man of little more than thirty, who is the sole support of an aged mother, who is arithmetical teacher in the institution in which he himself was taught, who reports of himself that he made the resolution never to take up a subject without keeping to it, and who has kept to it with such an astonishing will that he is now well versed in Euclid and algebra, and is the best French scholar in Stockport. The drawing-classes in that same Stockport are taught by a working blacksmith, and his pupils will receive the highest honors of to-night. To pass from the successful candidates to the delegates from local societies, and to content myself with one instance, there is among their number a most remarkable man, whose story I have read with feelings that I could not adequately express under any circumstances, and least of all when I know he hears me—who worked when he was a mere baby at hand-loom weaving until he dropped from fatigue, who began to teach himself as soon as he could earn five shillings a week, who is now a botanist, and acquainted with every production of the Lancashire valleys, who is now a naturalist, who has made and preserved a collection of the eggs of British birds, and stuffed the birds; who is now a conchologist, with a very curious, and, in some respects, original collection of fresh-water shells, who has also collected and preserved the mosses of fresh waters and of the sea, who is worthily the president of his own local literary institution, and who was at his work this time last night as foreman in a mill. So stimulating has been the influence of these bright examples, and many more that I notice among the applications from Blackburn for preliminary test-examination papers—one from an applicant who gravely describes himself as ten years of age, and who, with equal gravity describes his occupation as 'nursing a little child.'"

A LIBERAL JEW.

Baron Rothschild has given the sum of £2000 for the purpose of founding a scholarship for the City of London School, in commemoration of the 26th of July, 1858, the day on which he was admitted, as a Jew, to take his seat in Parliament.

DEATH OF THE BELLE OF LONDON.

The *Times* correspondent says: "One of the most distinguished beauties of English society has been prematurely snatched away by death within the last few days. Lady Clementina Villiers, the second daughter of the Earl of Jersey, has been for several years the most admired and sought after of the daughters of the aristocracy. The greatest fortunes, and some of the greatest titles, in the United Kingdom have been at her feet; but, as is well known, she retained her inflexible resolution not to accept any of them. Her affections were said to have been early won by a clergyman possessing but an inconsiderable benefice, and not likely by his talents to obtain a more prominent position in the Church. Her worldly and fashionable parents refused their assent to such a match; and unlike her sister Lady Adela, who ten years ago eloped with Captain Ibbottson, she continued to reside with her parents and to accompany her mother in the incessant round of society in which the old lady lives. Nor was her amiability limited to the too faithful performance of filial obligations. When her brother, the late member for Rochester, became so embarrassed as to be obliged to leave the country, many of his outstanding engagements were bought up by his mother, who, as the heiress of Mr. Child, the banker, still possessed a remnant of her once splendid fortune. The liabilities soon exhausted Lady Jersey's personal resources; and Lady Clementina spontaneously resolved to devote many thousands of that which had been settled on herself to liquidate her brother's debts. Those who observed her gradually attenuated form and slowly-fading beauty, as year after year she returned to the joyless haunts of aristocratic frivolity and fashion, could not but perceive that, however care might succeed in preserving the lineaments of loveliness, the spirit within was perishing of 'Love's sweet want.' The last time I stood near her was at a densely-thronged assembly at one of those mansions in Piccadilly famed for the brilliancy of its receptions. She was dressed *en suite* in bright blue, and wore upon her head, which was of exquisitely moulded form, a wreath of roses of the same color placed perfectly horizontally, as you may sometimes see them worn by the Tyrolese peasants at their village festivals. The grace and geniality of her demeanor, as she swam lightly on from room to room, with the passing recognition of a little word for those she knew, was as exquisite and apparently effortless as in the sunniest morning of her life. But the gayety of girlhood had passed away, and the ambition of womanhood had not come; and it seemed to me as often as she paused, awaiting an opening in the sometimes impenetrable crowd, her eye acquired the abstracted look, and her statue-like form the air of immobility which belongs rather to a state of trance than to that of active life. Her eldest sister was married some years ago to Prince Nicholas Esterhazy; she lived not very happily, it is said, for about two years, and then died after a short illness. And now another is added to the series of blighted hopes with which the haughty, selfish, and worthless house of Jersey has been visited."

ARREST OF RIBBONMEN IN IRELAND.

For some time past secret societies of Ribbonmen have been rapidly multiplying throughout Ireland, but more especially in the southwestern part, and not long since the Lord-Lieutenant issued a proclamation warning all persons that they incurred severe penalty by joining such organizations, and also that every effort would be made by the authorities to suppress them. Accordingly, on the 9th ult., fifteen young men, said to belong to respectable families, were arrested at Skibbereen and Bantry. They are, it is alleged, accused of belonging to a society having for its object the invasion of Ireland by American filibusters.

CONDITIONS OF THE RIBBON SOCIETY.

The Dublin correspondent of the *Morning Post* calls attention to a "startling paper," written by a jail chaplain, and published recently in one of the Dublin journals, which professes to give, on the authority of a Ribbonman, an account of the organization, etc., of the Ribbon system. The paper states that delegates from the various lodges meet quarterly in Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin, or other large manufacturing towns, to make arrangements for disseminating the signs and passwords for the ensuing quarter. The lodge meetings are generally held in the private room of a public house, to which the members assemble gradually. Each grievance complained of is there fully discussed; the obnoxious magistrate, landlord, or agent is placed on his trial, sentenced to death (if pronounced unfit to live), or, if not to death, to some mitigated punishment, such as beating, or destruction of his property by fire or otherwise; or he is pronounced not guilty—the rare exception to the general rule. If a murder is determined on, the duty of executing the sentence does not devolve on the delegate of the county within which the meeting which passed it was held. The aggrieved party in whose favor the decision has been made proceeds to the parish master of a district in another county; the first eight or ten men who are then for duty in that district return with him to the spot which he is prepared to indicate. If any prescribed punishment is to be inflicted, from murder to a beating or destruction of property, he points out the individual or place, and keeps himself in the back-ground, while the others execute his purposes; and if the party which execute these escapes arrest on the spot his identification is nearly impossible. Every member of the body is bound by his oath to obey his leader, at two hours' notice, under the penalty of death.

FRANCE.

HOW THE FRENCH EMPEROR PROTECTS HIS SUBJECTS.

A difference has arisen between the French and Swiss governments, owing to the passport system. A French gentleman, a tourist, was quietly contemplating the beauties of the Lake of Geneva, when two policemen made their simultaneous appearance on either side of him, and ordered him to produce his passport; he replied that he had left it at the French consulate. The police thereupon marched him off, and instead of taking him to the consulate, as he requested, took him off to jail, where he spent the night in a damp and fetid cell, in company with a number of rats and cockroaches. He was released next morning, breathing vengeance against Switzerland. The authorities at Geneva offered apologies, and even to dismiss the delinquent policemen, and M. Fazy personally called upon the irate barrister to settle the matter, but without success. The upshot of the affair is that the French Government, which has warmly taken up the case, has sent a note to Geneva, calling upon the canton to pay 10,000 francs by way of indemnity. The canton refuses, but offers a smaller sum. The probability is that the parties will split the difference, and that the learned gentleman will make a pretty good thing out of the mistaken zeal of the Genevese *mouchard*.

SUMMARY PUNISHMENT.

An instance of summary mode of proceeding is said to have happened not long ago in one of the Eastern departments. A man was arrested on a charge of stealing articles of value from a church. A warrant was issued, and the police searched his house. The sacred objects he was accused or suspected of stealing were not found, but there were found various articles, such as spades, hoes, shovels, etc., in such quantity as to justify the supposition that the farmers in the neighborhood must have been plundered to some extent. The man certainly was of bad character; but a year's imprisonment or so could only be inflicted on him by the Tribunal, and at the end of that time he might begin again. The matter happened to come to the notice of the chief military authority of the district, who resolved to settle the business once and forever. The wife of the man called at the prison with some necessaries for her husband the day after his arrest. She was told that her husband was no longer there: that he had been removed the night before. She inquired whither he had gone? No one could say—he had been removed by order. Months passed away, and the first tidings she got about her husband were in a letter, which merely contained an extract from a register, showing that the man had died at Lambessa. Is this true or not? And, if true, is there any guarantee that it will not occur on any other occasion?

THEATRICAL SQUABBLES.

Theatrical squabbles occupy the Parisians, *en attendant* the appeal of the great case of Napoleon III. *versus* Montalembert. Mario was compelled to sing last Monday night by a decree of the court, under a penalty of 6000 francs for every time he refused to personate the *Ducca di Montova* in "Rigoletto." He had nothing for it but to vocalize under compulsion, and he accordingly took his part like a man in the duo with Frezzolini as *Gilda*. It is thought that the technical objection he made to the scale of Verdi's music was not the real obstacle to his singing, but that Grisi does not wish La Frezzolini to reappear in Europe, she having been reported dead at Havana, and having no right to "revisit the glimpses of the moon, making night" melodious! If the truth ought to be told, the sooner La Casta Diva Giulia retires to her villa on the Fiesole Road from Florence, the better for her fame as a cantatrice. She has outlived her Paris reputation, and people here grumble at her perseverance in ignoring the lapse of years and the wear and tear of laryngeal chords. The Count de Candia (Mario), to do him justice, was full of the most gentlemanly deference to Frezzolini, to whom he tendered the splendid bouquets showered down from the boxes with unaffected gallantry. The *Venus de Milo* has been brought into court, and damages against the fair and classic creature laid at 12,000 francs, for scenic decorations and loss to the Odeon exchequer, by reason of her not proving attractive. The Tribunal de Commerce, before which the theatrical director sued the author, Comte d'Assas, declared itself incompetent, as a dramatic poet could not be considered a trader. The Civil Tribunal will have to decide the case.

AN EARTHQUAKE AT BAYONNE.

A letter from Bayonne of the 30th of November gives the following account of an earthquake experienced there and in the neighboring districts: "About half past twelve yesterday afternoon some violent shocks of an earthquake were felt at Bayonne, and lasted from eight to ten seconds. The oscillations proceeded from the southwest to the northeast. The phenomenon was accompanied by a dead sound, similar to that of a wagon passing over a paved road. The weather, which had been rainy for some days previously, was hot, and the atmosphere heavy at the moment. A violent storm broke over the town at half past three, but did not last long. The information received from various quarters respecting the effects produced by the phenomenon, some of them rather serious and some extraordinary, is too voluminous for publication. The motion was less violent at Bayonne than at St. E-prit, where the population were greatly alarmed, and where the church bell began to ring during the shock. At Bayonne the kitchen utensils were tossed about, and it is said some chimneys were seriously damaged. One of the ceilings of the academy gave way, and cracks are visible in the walls of the ancient building. At the time the earthquake was felt the animals in the town exhibited symptoms of profound terror. The oxen lowed, and the pavement in several streets was displaced. On the rampart of Lachepaillet the earth was twice raised up, and fell again with a violent noise; the neighboring houses, however, were not injured. Notwithstanding that the public buildings in the town were shaken with violence, no loss of life is to be deplored. The earthquake was extremely violent both at Biarritz and Angiel, particularly in the low grounds; doors were shut with a loud noise, individuals were thrown down, and numbers fled from their houses, fearing to be buried under the ruins. A herdsman, seeing his oxen lifted up several times, bravely sought safety in flight. Some laborers, who were dining under a tree, felt the ground under them rise three times, and were dashed against each other as if by a violent wind. At that moment the weather was suffocating, and the heat was insupportable. The accounts received at Bayonne from Saint Palais and Saint Jean Pied-de-Port state that the shock experienced there lasted from eight to ten seconds. At three quarters past twelve a violent shock, accompanied by a noise resembling distant thunder, caused a universal panic among the population of St. Jean Pied-de-Port assembled in the market-place. The violence of the commotion was so great that one chimney was thrown down, as well as the tiles from the roofs of the houses. The most solid buildings cracked as if about to fall, and the furniture in the interior of the houses was tossed about. During the oscillations a noise was heard similar to that of a heavy ball falling down six steps of a stair-case step by step. The pedestrians, who were numerous, in consequence of the fineness of the weather, imagined that the ground was about to open under their feet. For some weeks past earthquakes have been frequent at Pau, Saint Jean Pied-de Port, and Madrid. Bayonne has not been visited by a similar phenomenon for the last eight or ten years."

A VALUABLE NEWSPAPER.

The correspondent of the *Times* says: "The copy of the London *Times* which contained the trial of M. de Montalembert, was so rigorously excluded the passage of the frontier that at Valenciennes copies were taken from the persons of passengers coming from Brussels to Paris. An American friend, however, who had a copy on this route, had the sagacity when he left his seat in the cars to show his passport, to slip the *Times* under the seat, and as the passengers do not change cars in crossing the frontier, it was perfectly safe. This copy of the *Times* has been so much sought after in Paris that the owner of it has been actually obliged to inscribe the names of applicants. From this circumstance you can very well judge the extent of the repressive power which is still exercised by the police of Paris. The details of a trial which took place in one of their own courts can only be known by such a roundabout and tedious process as that detailed above. We shall be curious to see whether the New York papers are admitted with such details as they may happen to publish."

GROWTH AND EMBELLISHMENT OF PARIS.

Says the Paris correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*: "After accomplishing the Rue de Rivoli in its whole length; after clearing away squares for the benefit of the Louvre and the Hôtel des Invalides; after cutting away the whole length of the new Boulevard of Sebastopol, the Emperor is about to accomplish his great design of a series of gigantic arterial thoroughfares. The design embraces the entire city, and, as sketched on the map, has a military look. It will tend to assure public tranquillity, say the Parisians. It will undoubtedly give light and good air to many wretched and unhealthy quarters. It will facilitate circulation, and give opportunities for architectural progress beyond all former imaginings. Twenty-one vast thoroughfares are to be cut through densely-built quarters. The expense is estimated at $36,000,000. The Government of France and the city of Paris have entered into compact for the completion of the whole enterprise in ten years. France pays $10,000,000, and Paris $26,000,000. The Prefect of the Seine has proved satisfactorily that the city can keep the letter of the bond; so that it results that, in the coming ten years, $3,600,000 are to be spent annually in the gigantic enterprise."

GERMANY.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA BECOMING A CATHOLIC.

If we may credit a Berlin correspondence which reaches Paris circuitously by way of Hamburg, the poor lunatic King of Prussia, who is now traveling in Italy for the benefit of his health, is about to renounce the Protestant religion at Rome, and be received there into the bosom of the Catholic Church. Should this shocking farce be enacted, his wife, to whose dominion the slight glimmering of reason left to the unhappy monarch has long been subjugated, will be responsible for it.

ITALY.

THE MORTARA CASE.

The *Times* correspondent, writing from Turin, says: "Letters from Rome confirm what I lately wrote you thence respecting the complete failure of the French Embassador's remonstrances regarding the Jew boy Mortara. The Papal Government, doubtless, regrets the occurrence of this alleged conversion, but it finds it impossible to recede. Although reports to the contrary have been spread, I believe it is certain that France is the only Power that has addressed representations to Rome on the subject. The Sardinian Government, which is commonly thought to have united its expostulations with those of France, has not stirred in the matter."

RUSSIA.

GOOD SENSE OF THE EMPRESS.

In Russia, it would seem, the passion for dress and display is just as great as in any other country. The *Journal Amusant* relates an anecdote of the manner in which the Empress of Russia lately rebuked an instance of it: "The Czar, desiring to recompense a great service rendered by a petty functionary, invited him and his wife to pass a few days at the palace of Peterhoff. The latter, in order to appear of a rank which she does not possess, pledged her husband's salary for three years to raise a sum to buy rich dresses; she was thus able to appear in a new toilet every morning and evening. The Empress hearing what she had done resolved to give her a lesson, and on the day of departure said: 'Do you know, Madame, that you are greatly to be pitied for having such a bad dressmaker? She can not evidently make a dress to fit you, since you are obliged to change so often!'"

SYRIA.

THE JAFFA OUTRAGE.

Dispatches were received at the Navy Department on 27th from Commodore Lavallette, of the *Wabash*, dated Beyrout, November 2. It will be remembered the Commodore was sent by the Government to redress the outrages committed on American citizens near Jaffa. On arrival there he had a long interview with the Pacha. Four of the outlaws are in prison, and the fifth, whom it is alleged is the guilty party, is yet at large. The Commodore informed the Pacha that speedy action must be had with reference to them. The Pacha replied it would be contrary to usage, if not to the laws of Turkey, to proceed to conviction or punishment of the four until the fifth had been apprehended; but he manifested a disposition to do all he could. The next day the Pacha convened the Council, and made out a case against the prisoners, which the Pacha said would be laid before the Sultan at Constantinople. The Commodore transmitted all the papers to our Minister at Constantinople, and thinks there will be little or no delay in obtaining justice.

INDIA.

THE NEW SYSTEM.

We make the following extracts from the Queen's proclamation to the people of India:

"We desire no extension of our present territorial possessions; and while we will permit no aggression upon our dominions or our rights to be attempted with impunity, we shall sanction no encroachment on those of others. We shall respect the rights, dignity, and honor of native princes as our own, and we desire that they, as well as our own subjects, should enjoy that prosperity and that social advancement which can only be secured by internal peace and good government.

"We hold ourselves bound to the natives of our Indian territories by the same obligations of duty which bind us to all our other subjects; and those obligations, by the blessing of Almighty God, we shall faithfully and conscientiously fulfill.

"Firmly relying ourselves on the truth of Christianity, and acknowledging with gratitude the solace of religion, we disclaim alike the right and the desire to impose our convictions on any of our subjects. We declare it to be our royal will and pleasure that none be in anywise favored, none molested or disquieted, by reason of their religious faith or observances, but that all shall alike enjoy the equal and impartial protection of the law; and we do strictly charge and enjoin all those who may be in authority under us that they abstain from all interference with the religious belief or worship of any of our subjects, on pain of our highest displeasure.

"And it is our further will that, so far as may be, our subjects of whatever race or creed, be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified, by their education, ability, and integrity, duly to discharge."

THE AMNESTY.

"Our clemency will be extended to all offenders, save and except those who have been or shall be convicted of having directly taken part in the murder of British subjects.

"With regard to such the demands of justice forbid the exercise of mercy.

"To those who have willingly given asylum to murderers, knowing them to be such, or who may have acted as leaders or instigators in revolt, their lives alone can be guaranteed; but, in appointing the penalty due to such persons, full consideration will be given to the circumstances under which they have been induced to throw off their allegiance, and large indulgence will be shown to those whose crimes may appear to have originated in a too-credulous acceptance of the false reports circulated by designing men.

"To all others in arms against the Government, we hereby promise unconditional pardon, amnesty, and oblivion of all offenses against ourselves, our crown, and dignity, on their return to their homes and peaceful pursuits.

"It is our royal pleasure that these terms of grace and amnesty should be extended to all those who comply with their conditions by the first day of January next."

A NEW VERSION OF THE CAWNPORE STORY.

Some time ago a half-caste Christian named Fitchett presented himself for admission into the police levy before the authorities at Meerut. The usual inquiries into his character led to the development of his tale, which is as follows: When the mutiny broke out he was a musician in the band of one of the native infantry regiments at Cawnpore, and in the general massacre he saved his life by proclaiming that he would become a Mohammedan, which he did by an easy process almost on the spot. He remained in Cawnpore, and was enrolled in the Nena's force, with which he did duty. On the afternoon of the 15th of June, when it became known that the British were advancing, a council of war, or of deliberation, was held by the Nena, at which it was resolved that the women and children at the Beebeeghur, numbering about 205, were to be murdered. The news went rapidly through the town, and the men of the mutinous 6th Native Infantry entering the inclosure proceeded to take from our unfortunate countrywomen any articles of value or trinkets which they retained on their persons. When the Nena heard of this he was very much displeased, and he sent down a body of Sowars with strict orders to surround the house and permit no one to enter.

Meantime preparations were being made for the execution of the orders of the Nena and his Council. There was some difficulty about getting instruments for this horrible butchery. The Sowars wished to save themselves from the defilement of blood—the infantry were equally averse to the task—but at last some soldiers of the 6th Native Infantry were compelled to go inside with orders to fire on the poor helpless crowd. They fired in the air, or did so little harm that it was evident the views of the assassins could not be accomplished in that manner. They sent into the town, therefore, and the Sowars brought out two of the common butchers of the bazar—two Bhoorees, men of a wild, miserable, gipsy-like caste, and a vilaytee, who were armed with hatchets and tulwars, and ordered to go in and kill every soul in the house and inclosure, while all egress was strictly watched by the Sowars outside. It was a long and dreadful butchery. Fitchett, who was near the place, declares that the assassins entered the inclosure about 5 30 P.M., and that it was 10 P.M. before they came out to announce that their work was accomplished. Once, he says, a butcher appeared with his sword broken in two, received a sabre from one of the Sowars, and returned to continue his hellish labor. The Nena was in the hotel close at hand, and when he heard that all were dead he gave orders that the doors should be closed for the night and guards put over the place. That night the Nena gave a nautch—a kind of dance and ball—to his friends.

Early in the morning of the 16th the Nena gave orders that the doors should be opened, and that all the bodies inside should be flung into the well within the compound; but, as it was far too small to contain so many bodies, it is probable that some were dragged away to other places or were thrown into the Ganges.

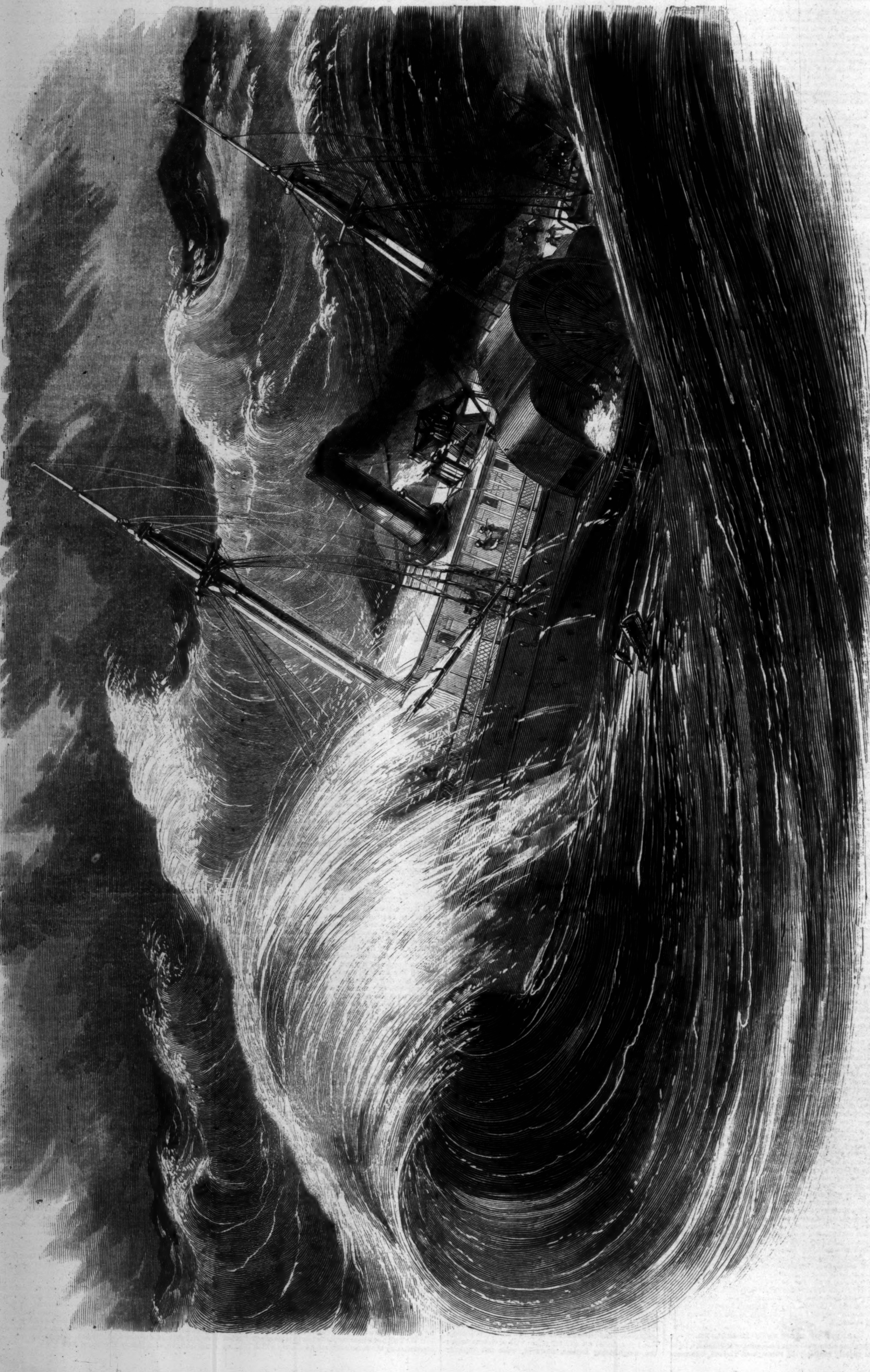
IS MISS WHEELER DEAD?

On the 16th Fitchett fled with his new friends to Futtehghur, and here occurs a most interesting part of his story. He declares that he frequently saw Miss Wheeler, the daughter of the General, at Futtehghur, and that she traveled with a Sowar who had taken her from Cawnpore—nay, more, that he was shown into the room where she was, and ordered to read extracts from English newspapers which the rebels received from Calcutta, he being employed by them for the purpose of translating the news, in which—particularly that relating to the progress of the war in China—they took great interest. She had a horse with an English side-saddle which the Sowar had procured for her, and she rode close beside him, with her face veiled, along the line of march. When the British approached Futtehgur orders were sent to the Sowar to give Miss Wheeler up; but he escaped with her at night, and it is supposed he went with her to Calpee. In that case it is not at all improbable that the unfortunate young lady may be still alive, moving about with Tantia Topee, and that we may rescue her from her unhappy fate.

THE FEEJEE ISLANDS.

PUNISHMENT OF CANNIBALS.

While the *Vandalia* was at Ovolau, in the Feejee Islands, information was communicated to Commander Sinclair by the Consul at Levuka that the inhabitants of Lomati, on the Island of Ways—a tribe of ferocious cannibals—had surprised a small vessel, and murdered, cooked, and eaten the crew. Thereupon an expedition, consisting of sixty men, was fitted out, placed in charge of Lieutenant Caldwell, with Lieutenant Ramsay, of the Marines, Assistant-Surgeon Trist, and Master's Mate Bartlett, and sent against them. The natives refusing to give up the murderers, and taking advantage of their strong position (a town situated on top of a high mountain, 1600 feet above the level of the sea) to defy the party sent against them, a landing was effected at daylight on the morning after reaching the island; and after a most fatiguing march of several hours over declivities, precipices, rocks, and through ravines, the expedition arrived opposite the town. A long halt was made to refresh the men, who were almost prostrated by their exertions. After resting the town was assaulted and carried by a flank movement, the natives fleeing to their rocks and fastnesses. The town was nearly destroyed, one hundred and fifteen houses having been fired and consumed. On the return of the expedition they were attacked in the most furious manner in one of the ravines by three hundred warriors, who were repulsed with a heavy loss, after a severe action of about half an hour, the natives losing nearly fifty in killed and wounded, including two of their principal chiefs. The Americans had six wounded—one man very severely. The seamen and marines behaved in the most gallant manner; the anomaly of their situation (attacking a powerful and courageous mountain tribe in their fastnesses) not moving them, except, perhaps, to more steady and daring conduct. The Americans murdered and eaten were Louis Brower, a Prussian, naturalized, and Henry Homer, of New York.



THE STEAMSHIP "ARIEL" IN THE TROUGH OF THE SEA.—THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN LUDLOW.

THE LATE CAPTAIN LUDLOW.

WE lay before the reader on this page an excellent portrait of the late Captain Ludlow, of the *Ariel*, and two engravings of the terrible scene in which he met his death.

The *Ariel* left Havre on 1st December, and Southampton on the 2d, for New York. All went well, without any event of consequence, till the 6th, when a heavy squall struck the ship, and almost simultaneously an infant child of one of the passengers died. The gale, however, subsided; and on the 8th fine weather prevailed. Early on the morning of the 9th a fresh gale arose from the W.S.W. The ship's head was kept to the wind, and a drag prepared in case an accident should happen to the engine. We copy the following account of the fatal scene from the *Times*:

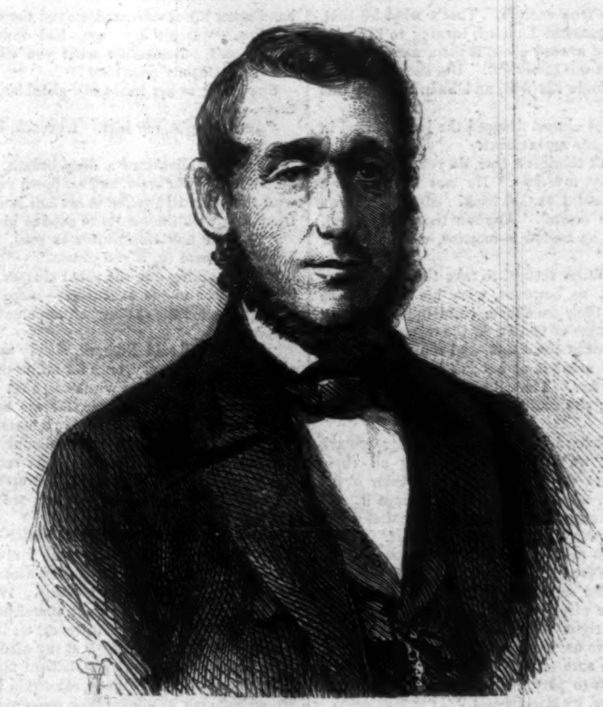
"The prevalence of strong gales from opposite points of the compass within a short time occasioned an ugly cross-sea, which now greatly endangered the vessel. Captain Ludlow, with his first and second officers, stationed themselves forward of the pilot-house, to be ready to act in an emergency. An accident to the engine, which might happen any moment while the ship was laboring so heavily, would render it necessary to make use of the drag without a moment's delay, to keep her from falling off into the trough of the sea, where, in a disabled condition, she might have her decks swept, or founder.

"It was now blowing furiously, and the immense waves, as they leaped upward, broke like water-spouts around the ship; or combing, fell like immense breakers upon the ocean-beach. The forward part of the wheel-houses on each side were broken in, and the round-houses were both washed away.

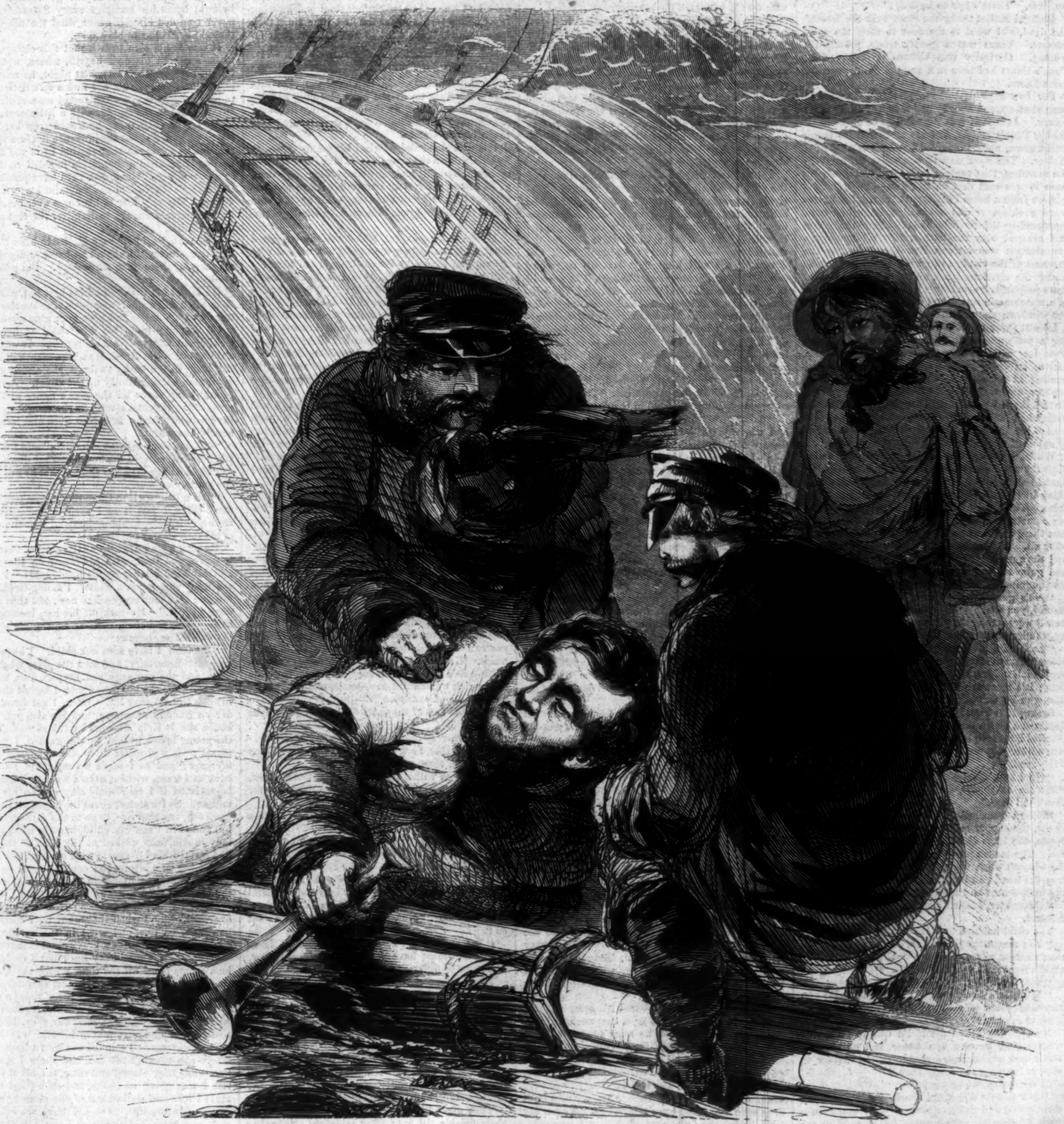
"At 11 A.M. the ship settled deeply in the trough of the swell, and a tremendous sea broke upon the forward deck. Captain Ludlow, at the instant, was cautioned by the second mate, who was standing near him, to 'look out;' but he had scarcely spoken the words when all were submerged apparently ten feet under water. Both the first and second mates were badly injured, and for the instant it was thought that the steamer had foundered. The main-hatch was broken in by the sea, and many tuns of water went below. Captain Ludlow was knocked down, and the heavy drag, composed of plank and timbers, struck him on the side. He was found lying upon his back, with his cap washed off, his eyes closed, and apparently insensible. In this condition he was conveyed to his room. He revived sufficiently to speak a few words, the last of which were, 'Tell the Commodore I died at the post of duty.' He then sank back and expired. The injury was apparently on the left side, two or three of the ribs being broken, and the fragments penetrating the heart."

Captain Ludlow was about fifty years of age, and was highly esteemed by his employers and by the public. He was an old New York pilot, and passed many years of his life in piloting vessels in and out of New York harbor. A few years ago he was invited to take the command of the steamer *Knoxville*, plying between New York and Savannah. He sailed this vessel and the *Alabama* until he was selected by Commodore Vanderbilt for the command of the *Ariel*. The *Herald* says:

"As a seaman he had few equals. Such was his reputation among merchants and others that when, on a previous voyage (made some time in the month of January last), the *Ariel* was overdue several weeks, they never for a moment doubted the safety of the ship, well knowing that if there was a man alive who could save the *Ariel*, Captain Ludlow was that person."



THE LATE CAPTAIN LUDLOW, OF THE "ARIEL."



THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN LUDLOW.

A DEAD MAN'S REVENGE.

HOW IT WORKED AND HOW IT ENDED.

CHAPTER I.—THE REVENGE.

"OPEN the window, wife, and let in some air. Phew! this place is enough to choke one."

It was a close, sickening atmosphere, truly. The chamber was dark and low, and on the old tester-bed, hung round with checked curtains, lay something covered with a ragged counterpane.

The speaker approached the bed, drew aside the soiled coverlet, and started back as he beheld a ghastly face, with eyes unclosed, and rigid jaws.

"Come here, Hannah—come here. Uncle Zebedee's dead!" The man spoke in a low tone, then turned and looked at his wife. She was a neat and gentle-looking woman; he, a fine, broad-shouldered man.

"Oh, Richard!" The woman's face and voice expressed her horror at the sight before her. It was death in its most repulsive form. An old man, with pinched and withered features, with beard unshaven, and eyes unclosed, lay on that wretched bed, staring upward, as though, hovering over his couch, he still beheld the awful presence that had announced his doom.

It was Zebedee Peck, the miser, who lay there, stark and dead; and the man, in a stone-mason's dress, standing by the bedside, was Richard Mallet, his nephew, a working-mason.

"God ha' mercy on him," said the man, after a silence, during which he and his wife stood gazing in awe on the face of the dead. "He'll need it, poor soul! He hadn't much mercy for others."

Through the open windows came a murmur of voices from the court below; then there was a noise of footsteps on the stairs.

"Here are the neighbors, Hannah. Come, look up, lass. There's lots to be done."

Richard Mallet threw the sheet over the face of the dead, and went to the door to meet the newcomers. There was a goodly troop, principally women. Curiosity was written on every face. Peck's Court had been in a state of excitement for some hours.

For two days past the old miser's house had been shut up, and nobody had seen any thing of its owner. At first it was supposed to be only one of Daddy Peck's whims, and his eccentricities being well known, no one troubled themselves about the matter. The next day it was reported, early in the morning, that the old miser had had a fit; by noon it was said that he had hung himself in his garters from a beam in the garret; and, lastly, toward evening, it was asserted that he had been murdered by thieves, who had plundered the house, and escaped over the back-wall. Whereupon, a consultation was convened at the pump, by the matrons of the court, as to what ought to be done under the circumstances, and various resolutions were proposed. One lady advised trying the effect of a watchman's rattle, and a cry of "Fire!" under the window; another advocated a long ladder, and a descent through the garret; a third was for having a policeman sent for, and breaking open the front door with the strong arm of the law; while a fourth, an enlightened washer-woman, suggested sending at once for Richard Mallet, Old Peck's nephew and nearest relative. This bright idea carried the day; and a fleet messenger was at once dispatched for the stone-mason and his wife—"in a case of life and death," as the messenger was strictly enjoined to say.

While, therefore, Richard Mallet proceeded to inform the neighbors that his uncle had been found dead in his bed, and nothing more, there was something like disappointment written on their anxious faces. The court had made up its mind to a terrible catastrophe—a suicide at the very least; and now there would be nothing but a coroner's inquest after all. However, with that to look forward to, and the question of the miser's wealth to discuss, it had gained something, and so the court recovered its equanimity.

"He's gone then, at last!" "Well, we're all mortal, you see!" "His money's o' no use to him now!' were among the pious remarks uttered by the by-standers, as they crowded round the bed.

"Let's hope his money will go into better hands, marm," said the intelligent washer-woman, addressing herself to Mrs. Mallet. "You mustn't fret, my dear; it's the ways o' Providence, and all for the best, you know."

Seeing that Mrs. Mallet had never spoken to the deceased a dozen times all the twelve years of her married life, it required no great amount of resignation on her part *not* to fret. She was only pale and frightened.

"Go home, Hannah," whispered her husband; "I'll see to things, and get these people away. Don't tell Jess."

Richard came home before long. The hearth was swept, the supper ready, the boys in bed, and little Jessie, the lame child, sewing on her stool by the fire. The mason hung up his cap and coat behind the kitchen door, washed off the lime and mortar from his hands, and then, a clean—intelligent-looking man—came and sat down to his supper.

"Come here, Jessie," said he, when the meal was finished.

The child hobbled to him on her crutch.

"You remember Uncle Zeb, don't you?—the old man we went to see once, eh?" Richard kissed the child's forehead.

"Yes, father."

"Well, he's dead, my girl; he's dead. Do you remember what he said to you that Sunday as we went to see him?"

"Yes. He asked me if I'd like to be a rich woman, and have a fine house, and go abroad; and I said no, because I couldn't help mother to sew, or get your tea ready then."

"What else did he say?"

"He said: 'When old Uncle Zeb's dead, my dear, you'll find he hadn't forgot you;' and then—then I began to cry, because he grinned at me so."

"Yes, it's true enough. That's what he said, Hannah," remarked Richard, turning to his wife. "I never said a word about it then, nor since, nor has Jess. It was better not. But he told me how as he had made his will, and hadn't forgot this child."

Mrs. Mallet almost dropped the loaf of bread in her hand, in her amazement.

"You don't think it's true, do you, Richard?"

"Can't say, my dear. He was cunning as a fox, and deceitful as Old Nick. More likely he's 'a left it to a 'ospital. Anyhow the will is found, and, as he'll be buried to-morrow, we shall know afore long."

Richard Mallet seemed to take the matter very coolly. Not so, however, with his wife. The bare idea of their poor lame child inheriting any of the hoardings of Old Peck, the owner of nearly all the houses in the court, and the reputed possessor of an account at a bank in the city, was too much for her. The wildest hopes were excited in her mind; she could think and talk of nothing else.

"Well, Richard," was her concluding remark that night, "we've been very happy all these years, and yet we've never seen the color o' his money; and, after all, we can do without it. If he should leave us any thing, it won't be that we've been seeking for it; nobody can say that. We've had too much pride ever to demean ourselves by courting him for his money's sake; and ever since he abused you so, for marrying me, nobody can say you have cared to have his favor."

"You're right there, Hannah. If any of it should come to us, we'll know it's come as it ought. Don't be too sure on it, though. Uncle Zeb was just the man to play us a trick at the last. He never forgave, he always said."

It was well, perhaps, Richard Mallet added these words; they were some little preparation to his wife for the events of the morrow.

When the morrow came, and the miser had been laid in a grave hallowed by no tears nor tender memories, the will was opened in the presence of Richard Mallet and his wife, in one of the deserted rooms of the miser's house. Through the half-open shutters, a scant sunbeam streamed on the wig of the old lawyer reading the will, and made a track of dancing motes across the dusky air. Mrs. Mallet sat on a worm-eaten chest (there was only one chair in the room, that occupied by the lawyer), and Richard, holding his hat in his hand, stood by his wife's side.

The old lawyer read the preliminary clauses of the will, to which both his hearers listened attentively; the one with respect for the big words, the other with a patient endeavor to grasp their meaning. The executors appointed were two gentlemen living in a village in Kent, where the deceased was born. Though Zebedee Peck had drawn up his will himself, it was all in proper form. He had commenced life as a pauper-child in a Kentish workhouse, risen, through the progressive stages of hop-picker and errand-boy, to be clerk in a lawyer's office, and, finally, bill-discounter and money-lender in London. Consequently, Old Peck knew what he was about when he made his last will and testament. He had prepared a surprise, however, for whoever should read it.

The old lawyer suddenly stopped, blew his nose, and glanced down the parchment. There appeared to be something unusual in the document.

"All my real and personal estate, whatsoever and wheresoever"—repeated the lawyer with an uneasy sort of "hem"—"I give and bequeath to—to—Jessie Mallet" (the parents both turned pale), "the daughter of my nephew, Richard Mallet of Little Winkle Street, in this city, and this"—

The lawyer glanced over a few words further, and then came to a dead stop.

"This is quite irregular—quite out of the course. Really I don't know; I think, my friend, it would be better your wife should step into the next room while I continue."

"No, Sir; go on: she can hear it," said Richard.

The lawyer, with a strange look at them both, resumed. "And this is the *revenge* I have long promised myself. In leaving my money thus, may I be sowing the seed of estrangement between Richard Mallet and his child! May it place a bar between them all their lives! May it divide their household! May it make the daughter ashamed of her father, and the father jealous of his daughter!"

Mrs. Mallet put out her hand to her husband with a terrified face. Richard stood quite still, but his brow grew black as night.

"May wealth be the curse to them it has been to me, and bring discord between kith and kin! It is with the belief that it can and will do this that I leave my money to Richard Mallet's daughter. 'Ill-gotten gains never prosper,' he once told me. Let him remember this—let him take it to heart now, when these same gains have become the legacy of his own child."

The lawyer stopped, for Mrs. Mallet had burst out weeping; but Richard was standing as before, though with great drops of sweat upon his brow, and his wife's hand clenched tightly in his.

"Them is words, Sir, as nobody 'as a right to use," said he, in a low, hoarse voice—"them is words as 'ull rise up in judgment again him one day. Sooner than have one penny o' his money now, I'd—don't pull my hand, Hannah; I know what I'm a saying—I'd see my wife and children lie dead in the streets. Look here, Sir—look here; that was Uncle Zeb's work!"

The man had suddenly bared his arm, and was pointing to a ring of livid flesh that encircled it.

"When I was a lad, he hung me up by that arm, and beat me with a rope, because I wouldn't do his dirty work. I forgave him that though, years ago, for I got on in the world without him, and got married, and was happier than he had ever been. But now that he tries to set my own children agen me, as he once tried to set me agen my wife, I wish the Lord may—"

"Oh, Richard, don't, don't!" His wife put her hand upon his mouth, and stayed the curse upon his lips. "Don't say them bad words; don't, Dick, don't. Remember what you tell the boys always. Oh, my poor man!"

She clung to her husband's shoulder, and wept there.

"You're right, my lass. I preach, but I don't practice."

Richard Mallet drew a deep breath, passed his hand over his wet brow, and sat down on the chest, with the veins all swollen in his face, and his limbs trembling with the efforts to subdue himself.

"Is there any thing more to read, Sir? I'll know it if there be, if you please."

"No; nothing but the usual clauses for giving proper power to the executors—mere matter of detail," replied the old lawyer, apparently very ill at ease.

"Then, Sir," said Richard, slowly and deliberately, "I'd like to say, once for all, in the presence of you and my wife as witnesses, that I 'erby refuse to have, and renounce, for me and for my child, every farthing o' this man's money."

Richard uttered the words as solemnly as though they had been a proper legal oath of renunciation, and then, with a look of relief, got up and kissed his wife. "Don't cry, my woman; we'll be going our way home again."

"Yes; better do so, perhaps—better do so, Mr. Mallet," said the lawyer. "But I must remind you that—that the property of the deceased is left to your *child*, and not to *yourself*. It is in the hands of trustees. You can not, therefore, renounce what is not your own. However, we'll talk matters over together to-morrow at my office."

The cloud that came over Richard Mallet's face at these words did not disappear again that night. He went home in silence, nor spoke one word to his wife all the way.

For the first time in his life he drove Jessie away from him when she brought her stool and knitting to sit at his feet, and for the first time since they were born the boys went to bed without their father's kiss.

CHAPTER II.—HOW THE REVENGE WORKED.

RICHARD MALLET never closed his eyes that night. He got up at six next morning, had his breakfast, and then, as though nothing had happened, went and did half a day's work before going to the lawyer's office.

His wife stood and watched his manly figure as he strode down the street in the blue light of early morning, with his tools on his shoulder; and then, as he turned the corner, she went back to her fireside, and sat and cried as though her heart would break, till the milkman came round with the morning's milk.

It was a long day at home. Jessie wondered what made her mother so sad and absent, and why she sat and looked at her so strangely at times.

"Are you angry, mother?" asked the child once, as she caught one of these looks fixed upon her.

"Angry, bairn? Don't talk—don't talk. Perhaps it would have been better you'd never been born, my poor girl. The Lord only knows;" and the mother turned away from her little daughter with tears in her eyes and a foreboding heart.

When Richard came home, his wife saw by the expression of his face that the matter was decided in some way.

"Hannah," said he, laying down his tools, and wiping his forehead with a handkerchief he took out of his cap; "it's as he said. Our child has got this fortune, and we can't take it from her. He tells me Jessie is worth twenty thousand pounds!"

"Twenty thousand pounds, husband! What? Twenty thou——! Oh dear, dear!"

The poor woman laughed and cried in the same breath. Twenty thousand pounds! It was impossible not to rejoice. Uncle Zeb's maledictions were forgotten for a moment, in the dazzling visions those words raised before the mother's eyes.

"Call Jessie here," said Richard, sitting down.

And Jessie came to her father's chair, and looked up wistfully into his face. It was something new to feel afraid of father; but Jessie did feel so, as she beheld the way in which he looked at her.

"Jessie, my girl, I want to talk to you," began Richard. "Now listen to what I am goin' to say; you're a 'cute little lass, and can understand me, I know. Uncle Zebedee's will has been opened, and we find he's left all his money to you. You'll be a very rich woman one day, Jessie, and you'll have a big house of your own."

The pale face of the child flushed, and her eyes sparkled.

"You're very glad, Jess, ain't you?"

"Yes, father, I am glad. Shall we have a home of our own, then, and a garden?"

"Yes, you will. And you'll wear fine clothes, and live with grand folks, who are a deal cleverer than father and mother."

"But I sha'n't leave you," said the child, with a quick grasp at her father's hand.

"Not for always, p'raps; but you must go to school, and learn of somebody who can teach you better than father can."

Richard Mallet's face twitched as he thought of the old spelling-book over which he and his child had spent so many happy evenings. They were at an end now. But, looking at his wife, he went on:

"Yes, we mustn't keep her like ourselves, Hannah. She must have good schooling, you know. She must be different from us."

Jessie stared at her parents with her big brown eyes, and her heart beat fast. She was a clear-headed, reasoning little creature. The life which she had been compelled to lead in consequence of her infirmity—an infirmity more the result of a delicate frame than actual disease—had quickened her intellect, and rendered her wise and thoughtful beyond her years. So she shed no tears, though her heart was full, but took her chair out of her father's sight, and plied her needles fast in silence.

That night Richard Mallet and his wife sat by their fireside till long after midnight, discussing the fortunes of their child. At one moment the poor mother thanked Providence for Jessie's good luck; at another she shuddered at the thought of the curse attached to the miser's wealth.

"Oh, Richard, if his words should come true. If our child should grow to be ashamed of you and me!"

"Hush, Hannah!" Richard checked his wife angrily. "It's only like a babby to talk i' that way. How can a dead man's words do any harm?"

Though Richard assumed indifference to his uncle's malediction, it troubled him in reality. The first thing on waking the old miser's terrible words occurred to him. All day long, as he plied hammer and chisel in the stone-yard, fragments of the curse sounded in his ears. As he sat at dinner, under the shed, he found himself mechanically tracing in the dust, with the end of a broken tool, the words: "May it place a bar between them all their lives!"

Richard Mallet was a man of resolution and few words. When he had decided on doing a thing, he did it at once. So having come to the conclusion that his child must be brought up as befitted her altered circumstances, he lost no time in lending his aid to carry out the necessary changes.

Ere six months Jessie Mallet was the inmate of a handsome home in a boarding-school in Kent, near one of her trustees; and the stone-mason and his wife had returned to the life they were leading before the death of Zebedee Peck.

It was not the old life, though. Richard was as steady and industrious as ever, as good a workman, as kind to his wife, and as fond of his two boys; but there was a change in him. It was not that the new position in which he now stood toward his master, his fellow-workmen, or the world, perplexed him. He was not the man to disquiet himself on that score. He held up his head as before, worked hard, took a joke good-humoredly, brought home his earnings every Saturday, and never troubled himself about what the neighbors thought or said as to his affairs.

It was at his own hearth that this change was to be seen; at his own hearth, where, when he taught the boys their letters at night, he missed a gentle little voice in his ear and a soft little hand in his; where his eye often rested on a chair that stood vacant in the corner, with a little crutch by its side. At such times he would grow hard and stern. There was not the influence in these things that clings to tokens that remind us of the dead; they only recalled a separation founded on injustice and wrong. Uncle Zeb need have prophesied no further; he had already obtained a cruel revenge. The very fear of his curse ever being accomplished was enough to imbitter the rest of his nephew's life.

"Hannah," said Richard Mallet to his wife one Friday morning, "I sha'n't be home to-night, nor mayhap for these next three days. I'm going to see her."

He kissed his wife, put on his best hat, placed a stout stick and a small bundle on his shoulder, and went away. Jessie had been gone nine months.

On Tuesday night his wife stood at her door looking out anxiously for his return. It was nine o'clock, but warm and fine, and the month of June. Ere long, in the dusky twilight, she espied a toil-worn man coming slowly up the street. A neighboring lamp shone on the man's figure as he approached. Hannah started as she caught sight of her husband's face. It was so worn and jaded she hardly knew him.

"Gi'e me a sup to drink, Hannah," said Richard, when he had entered the house and sat down.

The dust upon his dress showed that he had made the journey on foot.

"It's a long spell to Canterbury, you see, and I don't think I foot it as I used to do." He was anxious his wife should understand that the cause of his fatigue was physical.

He took a long draught at the mug of beer, put it down, and then, with his elbow on the table, and his head resting on his hand, said: "I can't touch my supper yet a while. I'm dog-tired. I'll tell you all about my journey now, and then we've done with it." He took off his hat, loosened his neckerchief, and then, without raising his eyes to his wife's face, began:

"Hannah, I have seen our child. I have been down to Canterbury, and seen the place where she lives, and the company she keeps. But though I've seen her she ain't seen me; I hadn't the face to show mysel' arter all. When I got down yonder on Sunday afternoon, and see the grand old house she is livin' in, nigh by the cathedral, and the young ladies walkin' in the garden, I said to mysel': 'It will never do to show yourself there, my man;' and so I made up my mind I'd come back as I went, without even a word or a kiss, and be satisfied if I could only clap eye on her for a minute. So I watched about the house till they all come out, two and two, to go to the cathedral close by, and then I saw my child, hand in hand with a lady in silk, who walked at the head o' the line. She seemed kind o' gentle with our little girl, and helped her on a bit, for she couldn't quite keep up with the others; and Jess looked up at her as though she liked her, and wasn't afraid. I kept my eyes on her, and followed after 'em up to the church-door, and when they went in, I seemed to be drawn on like, and went in too, as though I couldn't do other. It's a brave place is that cathedral, and lots to see in my line; but I could only look at one place all the time, where she was sitting among the ladies, looking just as quiet and as good as I've seen her look a score o' times a sittin' in yon chair." He paused a moment, then went on. "You should have seen her eyes, Hannah, when the organ was playin'! She was happy then, I warrant. I minded to sit on a back bench where she couldn't see me, and there I watched her, while they played and sung, till, all at once, I felt I was going to choke, and then (God forgi'e me!) I rose and walked out of the church, with a curse upon my lips. I would have set off home then and there, but somehow I couldn't tear myself away. I saw them all come out of church again, and go back to the big house, and I loitered about the iron gates, hoping I'd see her again in the garden or at the windows, but I didn't. A servant came out afore long looking very smart and tidy; and thinks I, I'll just ask him how Jessie is, and what she's a-doing of now; but when I went up to him, he stared at me in a uppish sort of way, and so I only asked him what o'clock it was. I'd half a mind to ring the bell, and go in, after all; but every time I looked at my dress and my bundle my heart failed me; so I turned away at last, and came back as I went, without ever hearing the sound of my bairn's voice. Perhaps I was a fool, and ought to have gone in without fear or shame as an honest man should; but the Lord knows I'd rather have come back as I have, than seen her look ashamed o' me, or brought a blush to her cheek. I couldn't ha' borne that, Hannah!"

Richard Mallet's voice sank as he uttered these words, and his great hand trembled as he bent his head over the table. The spirit of the man seemed bruised and broken down.

For many days Richard Mallet repented of the sacrifice he had made, and upbraided himself for ever having allowed his child to be removed from him.

"Why did they ever permit this unnatural separation to take place?" the parents asked themselves.

"Jessie would never be theirs any more now," said the poor mother. "They had better forget their own bairn. By the time she had finished her schooling she'd be no company for such as them."

Richard was the first to regain right feeling on the subject.

"Hannah," said he, one day, "we've done our duty, and it's no use talking. Jessie must be brought up as she should be, and you and me ought to be the last to stand in her way. I promised her trustees we'd be no hinderance to 'em, and we ain't goin' to break our word."

When Richard spoke thus, he looked more cheerful, outwardly, than he had done for many a day.

Whatever fears and anxieties he might have, they were henceforth to be confined to his own breast.

CHAPTER III.—HOW THE REVENGE ENDED.

TRUE to his promise, Richard Mallet never interfered, by word or deed, with the arrangements his child's guardians had made for her education.

A few years went by, and the laboring stonemason had risen to be first workman in his master's employ. With bettered means and good wages, Richard Mallet was able to quit the neighborhood of Peck's Court, and rent a small house in the suburbs. Mrs. Mallet still washed and ironed, and cooked her husband's dinner; but her labors were aided by a little servant, and the boys were sent to a good school.

People said Richard Mallet was not the man he used to be. He had grown churlish with his friends, haughty with his fellows, lost his old spirits and his pleasant smile, and only seemed intent upon making his way up in the world. But his wife and children could find no fault in him. In her heart of hearts Hannah perhaps knew that her husband was *not* the same; but she would have died sooner than breathed an accusation against him.

And where was Jessie all this time?

In these few years Jessie Mallet, the whilom crippled child, has grown into a straight, well-formed girl, whose presence would disgrace no drawing-room. Of a slight figure and delicate features, she still recalls the pale-faced little child who used to hobble about her father's house upon a crutch; but there is a bloom upon her cheek, and health and energy in her movements nowadays. Under skillful treatment, and the healthy influences that have surrounded her of late, her infirmity has gradually disappeared.

It is an important day at the Canterbury school, when next we see her. It is Jessie's seventeenth birthday, and her school-days are at an end. She has been writing a letter to her parents—those letters are the only links between the old life and the new one; Richard has them all, from the first childish scrawl to the last well-penned epistle, safely locked up in an old desk—and Jessie sits thinking of her father and mother with tears in her eyes. Why are they not there to-day? Around the room are spread all the little gifts her companions have given her—mere trifles for the most part, but pleasant tokens of the good-will she has awakened there, and the good name she leaves behind. "Every body here remembers me, and is kind," thinks Jessie. "It is only my own family who forget me!"

"Well, Jessie has plenty of new friends now, and, for aught we know, may have learned to do without her parents' love since last we met her. There are many affections we count strong that a six years' absence would try; and letter-writing, as we most of us know, is but a poor bond, after all.

So perhaps Jessie's love is of a less ardent nature than it used to be.

She has not much time, however, for reflection on this or any other score. There is a sound of wheels on the gravel-path, and a carriage rolls up to the door. It is Mr. Hale, one of Jessie's guardians, who is come to take her away from school, and escort her to his own house at Hale Fields, where an archery meeting is to celebrate the day.

Jessie bids farewell to her companions of six years, and, driving away in Mr. Hale's carriage, looks up at the school-room windows with dimmed eyes, and sees the old cathedral, all blurred by her tears, for the last time.

"Here we are," cried her guardian, as the carriage turned into his gates at Hale Fields; "here we are, all ready, you see."

Jessie beheld the tents and targets on the lawn, the servants hurrying to and fro, and the gardeners giving the last touches to their decorations.

"Don't fancy, Miss Jessie, this is all got up on your especial account. Other people can have birthdays besides you. Dick is nineteen to-day, and he means to share in the honors too. Here he comes. He'll take you in to speak to Mrs. Hale and the girls."

Mr. Richard Hale raised his wide-awake and shook hands with Jessie. He had taught her to ride one holiday, and play chess another, so they were old friends.

Mrs. Hale was a stately woman, who kissed Jessie on her cheek, and bade her welcome with an air of polite patronage. Pride of birth was Mrs. Hale's failing. She had the misfortune to be the grand-daughter of a baronet, and had a weakness for good blood; hence she never took so kindly to Jessie as the rest of her family. Her husband, with a delicacy of feeling peculiar to him, had never divulged to any one the real facts of Jessie's parentage; but Mrs. Hale had formed a shrewd guess on the subject.

To-day there was even a more than usual amount of dignity in the good lady's demeanor; her head was carried more erect, and her dress rustled more imposingly as she swept by. A young lord was to be her guest to-day, and, to meet him, some of the first families in the neighborhood and the *élite* of Canterbury had been invited to Hale Fields; consequently Mrs. Hale's reception of Jessie was quite a solemn and impressive sight.

Jessie almost trembled when she heard of the grand doings that were to take place, and the grand people who were expected. But before her friends had half finished their confidences, the confab was broken up by Mr. Dick Hale rushing down to the arbor where they sat, and summoning his sisters to their mother's presence.

"Make haste, girls. There's mother becoming rigid with horror. His lordship has arrived, and nobody to receive him. Do, pray, go to her aid, or she'll be speechless in five minutes."

The two girls flew away to the house, and left Jessie to their brother. He stood and watched them with a laughing face.

"Well, Miss Mallet, this is doing us honor, isn't it? You and I are lucky folks to have such a birthday-keeping as this."

"*I* am lucky in having such friends, and such a home to-day. I little thought, though, when Mr. Hale brought me over, that I should find such a gay assembly, or perhaps—" Jessie hesitated.

"Or perhaps you wouldn't have come. Well, that's very polite. I think I had better tell my father that you'd like to have the horses out again, and go back to Canterbury. He's sure to oblige you." Mr. Dick turned very red.

"No; don't talk nonsense. I didn't mean, Richard, to—to—" Jessie stammered and stopped again.

"To insult your guardian, eh?" said Dick, recovering his good-humor when he saw Jessie looked distressed. "You had better not let my mother hear you insinuate that you don't care to meet her friends, Jessie. By-the-way, I wish the Cheesemans were all at Jericho, I'm sure. I never wanted them to be invited here at all." Richard Hale looked really half annoyed.

"Why not?" asked Jessie.

"Oh, because nobody knows who they are, or what they are. It's said he was a tallow-chandler, and had a large fortune left him. They have just that cut. He has taken a large house near us. I don't know them, you know. By-the-way, you don't, I hope."

Jessie had grown suddenly crimson, and Dick feared he had said something indiscreet.

"No, I don't know them."

"Oh, that's right. That sort of origin always makes one suspicious."

Quietly as Jessie had disclaimed acquaintance with the Cheesemans, there was such a sudden tumult in her heart, and such a singing in her ears, that for the next five minutes she heard not a word her companion said.

"There goes my father!" suddenly cried Richard. "He is looking for you, I know. Let's follow him; you have to be introduced to such a lot of people. Come along."

They hastened away to the lawn.

Every thing wore a gala air there. The visitors were arriving fast; a splendid collation was laid out in one of the tents, and a band of music was playing under the mulberry-trees. The forthcoming archery fête at Hale Fields had been the talk of the neighborhood for days past.

And now the festivities commenced. Jessie was no archer, but she stood by and watched the sports, well pleased when her old friend Mary Hale carried off the first prize of the day.

Then followed the luncheon in the tent, and Mr. Hale's funny speech when he presented the oak-leaf crown to his daughter.

After that came a dance on the lawn, when Jessie was his lordship's partner, and when the band from Canterbury, under the influence of Mr. Hale's home-brewed, played such exhilarating quadrilles that it was enough to set the very cows in the neighboring fields doing *L'été* and *La Poule*.

Blithe, however, as the music sounded to the merry-makers, there was one ear, not far off, to whom it brought no mirth.

In the lane leading to Hale Fields, a solitary man was standing, with a stern, downcast face. It was Richard Mallet, who for the last hour had paced backward and forward in the lane. Six years had passed since he had seen his daughter. During all this time he had kept to his resolution of never interfering with her education, and had never presented himself before her eyes. He had a purpose ever in view from which he had never swerved.

He had come down to Canterbury by coach overnight, and finding, as he expected, that his daughter had that day quitted school, and gone over to Hale Fields with her guardian, he had followed them in order to carry out the purpose he had so long meditated.

It was only within the last hour that his heart had failed him.

Though Richard Mallet looked older and sterner, he was much the same man at heart. Time, however, had wrought some changes in him. Though still in the prime of life, his hair was tinged with gray, and his face had a harder look than of old. He wore a better coat now, and had a black silk neckerchief fastened loosely round his throat.

The horns and bugles of the Canterbury band swelled over the gardens, and the wind carried the hum and laughter of the guests to his ears.

For the twentieth time he stopped before the gates, and for the twentieth time he turned away again.

At last, with an angry exclamation at his own irresolution, he opened the gates, and entered the grounds.

"Mr. Hale won't be able to see you to-day, my man—he's engaged, and can't attend to business," called out the lodge-keeper as he went through the gates.

"My business ain't with Mr. Hale," said Richard, looking at the man, whose red face showed he had taken good care of himself in the general festivity.

"Oh, it's the back door you want, is it? Take that first path, then, to the right."

The man spoke with an insolent air.

But Richard kept in the broad walk, and went on as before. Suddenly he came to a stop. He had heard his own name pronounced by some one behind the high laurel-hedge at his side.

"Mallet? Ah! that's her name, is it? Well, she is certainly good-looking. But they say, poor thing, her family is not recognizable. Is it true?"

"Quite true. Mrs. Hale has hinted as much to me herself. They do say her father is a common mason, and carries a hod on his shoulder to this day. But however that may be, they are vulgar people, that's certain."

Richard's lips became white as death.

"What a mercy the child was removed from her friends in time!" continued the first speaker. "Really, no one would now suppose her to be of low origin. With her money, you know, she may expect to make a good match one day, and so get free of her former ties. What a good thing she fell into the hands of the Hales—quite providential. Ah, here comes our host?"

The ladies moved away; and Richard, with his teeth set, and his foot crushing the gravel under his heel, strode on to the house.

One or two persons turned to look at him as he approached, but the majority of the guests were on the side-lawn, where the dancers were assembled and the marquee erected; so he escaped observation.

"Is my daughter in?" he inquired of the servant at the hall-door.

He had walked straight up to the principal entrance. The man stared in surprise, and then, with a satirical glance at the waiter near, replied:

"No, she ain't, nor won't be to-day, nor yet tomorrow. Your business ain't particklar pressin', I 'ope;" and he winked at his companion.

"You'll please to keep a civil tongue in your head, and answer my question. Is Miss Mallet in?"

"Miss Mallet? Yes, she's about somewhere; but you can't see her; that is, you—you—" The man stammered, changed his tone, and stopped. Something had warned him in time.

"You'll have the goodness to show me into a room where I can speak to her, and then send and seek her."

Without another word the man led the way across the hall, and ushered Richard into the library.

It was a handsome room—green and cool, with a large bow-window opening out into the garden, and an awning outside. Richard could see the gay company, and the band and tent, on the lawn. He caught sight of his own figure in a mirror opposite, but the contrast there did not trouble him. A strange self-control had come over him; there was an iron resolution written on his face.

He was standing gazing at the sacrifice of Iphigenia, in bronze, on the mantle-piece, and was striving to find out its meaning, when he heard footsteps approaching. He turned, and a young lady and a gentleman entered the room through the window.

It was Jessie and Mr. Dick Hale.

For one moment they both stared at the unexpected visitor in surprise; the next Jessie gave a low cry and sprung forward:

"Father!"

Richard Mallet's arms were folded on his breast, his face was cold and unmoved; but at that one word his arms opened, and he strained her to his heart.

Mr. Dick Hale disappeared.

"Thou ain't forgotten my face, then!" said Richard, looking down at his daughter. "That's well. I didn't know but how you might."

Though he spoke coldly, his lip trembled so he could scarcely articulate.

"Thou art changed since we met, girl. Instead of my poor lame lass, I find thee a lady grown." He scanned her over at arm's-length.

"I want to know, now, whether you are still my own child or not; I want to know whether they have changed your heart as well as your dress.—Stay; don't speak yet: you may repent it. I have a question to ask you: I want to know whether you will leave these people and come home to your mother and me—that's the proof I want as to whether you are still my own child."

Jessie's eyes fell. There was something so cold and stern in her father's voice, it made her heart shrink.

"Think before you speak; there's much depends upon it. Are you ready to leave these friends, and cast your lot with me? Are you prepared to live with those who are not clever and polished, but rough, unedicated people. There is a deal to lose, but I think there is something to gain. We can give you love, Jessie, such as you may never find else—" He suddenly stopped. "Answer me, my lass, which is it to be—*go* or *stay*?"

"I'll go, father."

He loved her still; his last words had decided her in a moment.

"You'll go? And will you go contentedly? Will you go, feeling you ain't ashamed o' them you'll have to live with?"

"Father! why do you put these cruel questions to me? I have prayed to God to bring us together every night of my life. Ashamed! oh, you forget I am your *child*."

Jessie hid her face in her hands, and wept.

"You say you ain't ashamed of me," said Richard, with a strange expression gathering over his face. "Then I'll put your words to the test. Look at this hand; it's rough and hard with labor; my boots are thick and ugly; the linen on my back is coarse; my coat is badly cut; I don't look like a gentleman—any body may see that. Now, if you ain't ashamed of me, common-looking as I be, take me out through that window on to the lawn among those people, and tell them I'm your father. Dare you do it? Dare you own me before 'em all? Speak out."

Jessie turned deadly pale, and a spasm passed over her face. What was it her father asked? It was too much—too much. A hundred things forbade it: Mrs. Hale's pride, the opinion of her friends, and—worse than all!—Dick's words that very day. She stood dumb and terrified.

Her father saw her irresolution, and his breath came quick. "You've had time to think. Dare you do it?"

There was a moment's silence, and then the struggle was at an end. She had counted the cost, and had triumphed. She passed her hand over her brow, and said: "Yes, father, I dare. Come!"

She had reached the window when her step faltered. Before her was the gay and brilliant assembly. She stood spell-bound at the sight, and a shiver passed over her.

"You can't, then—you can't do it," whispered Richard, hoarsely. Without another word he stepped back, and turned, and left her alone.

But ere he had gone five paces from her Jessie was at his side: "Father, forgive me; I have no fear."

She put out her hand, looked up into his face radiant in her love, and led him straight to the window. The next moment they stood in the garden before all the people.

Every eye was fixed on the young girl as she crossed the lawn with her companion, and walked up to the tent where Mr. and Mrs. Hale and a party of their friends (Canterbury grandees, and quiet old folks, who did not dance) were sitting.

"Who *has* Miss Mallet got with her?" "What a singular proceeding!" "Is she escorting one of the gardeners to the tent?" asked the young people on the lawn.

Regardless of all comments, Jessie never stopped till she had reached the tent where her hostess sat.

Then and there, in a few simple words, she made known her father to Mrs. Hale.

A buzz of astonishment rose up around. Mrs. Hale looked bewildered and confused; but, ere Jessie had done speaking, Mr. Hale was at her side.

"This is your father, Jessie, is it? Then I am glad to make his acquaintance." Mr. Hale held out his hand to Richard. "I have only seen you once before, Mr. Mallet (it was when your uncle died); but I have not forgotten your behavior then."

Mr. Hale's prompt manner had spared any thing like a scene, and relieved every one at once.

"Sir, I thank you; that's kindly said. But let me explain how I come to intrude myself here." Richard stood erect, and unembarrassed, with his hat off. "I ain't a man to intrude myself any where, but I had a reason for coming here, which may be a wrong un, but which I couldn't help follerin' out. For now goin' on seven years, Sir, I have been pining for the sight of my child, and all this time I have never meddled nor interfered with the edication I knew she ought to have. I come down here to-day, Sir, to claim her, and see if she still loved me as she used to do; but I come, I'm afeard, in a sperit as might have led to no good. I had grown mistrustful, and thought she'd be changed, and ashamed of me. So, when she comes into your parlor, where I was waitin' for her just now, I steeled my heart again her, bonny as she looked, and felt jealous of her fine dress and lady ways. She said she was ready to go wi' me, but she seemed to be frightened-like, I thought, and I doubted her still. So I said to her (it was a sudden thought that come, I don't know how): 'If you'll cross that lawn hand in hand with me, and own me afore all those people, I'll believe you love me as you ought.' Whereupon, Sir, before I'd time to consider o' what I asked (I wasn't myself just then), she step out of the window, and brought me straight into your presence, without a murmur or a blush. And God love her for it! And so He will. It was a right noble act, though I hadn't ought to have asked it."

Jessie hid her face on her father's arm, and he stopped.

Every one was silent. The simple earnestness of the man, and his erect yet modest bearing, had touched all present.

"Mr. Mallet," said an old gentleman, coming forward, "I admire and sympathize with your conduct. May God bless your daughter!"

The old clergyman, a high dignitary of the Church, laid his hand on Jessie's arm and led her to a seat.

"Let me shake hands with you, Mr. Mallet. I honor both your head and your heart."

It was his lordship who spoke. Yes; Mrs. Hale might stare, and refuse to credit the evidence of her senses; but there was her noble guest actually shaking hands with a man without gloves! When a right reverend dean and a peer's son had thus openly acknowledged the stone-mason, no one was afraid of losing caste by addressing him.

Jessie and her father would probably have become lions had they not stolen off, through Dick

Hale's agency, to a quiet parlor, where they were left alone to themselves.

Of course the archery fête at Hale Fields was long remembered in the neighborhood, and gained considerable *éclat* from what certain ladies pleased to term "the romantic incident" that terminated the day.

One summer evening, some few years later, a family group was assembled about the shade of a sycamore, in front of a pretty farm-house in Devonshire.

It was Richard Mallet and his family, who were assembled in the garden at the Cliff Farm.

The father, with a roll of paper on his knee, and pencil and compasses in hand, was planning some improvements for the farm-yard. His wife, busy with her knitting, sat at a little distance. One of the boys lay on the grass at his mother's feet, reading to her; the other was watching the Plymouth steamer through a telescope. Jessie, alone with her father on the bench under the tree, sat with her hands clasped idly before her, and her face fixed on the sea. She looked very pretty in that thoughtful attitude.

"Father," she said, suddenly, "I was just thinking how strangely good has come out of evil in our two lives. Uncle Zeb's wicked intentions seemed to have carried with them their own frustration. He has knit us closer together than ever. I think I should never have shown how much I loved you had I not been separated from my home all those years; and I certainly could never have known how much you loved me."

Jessie took hold of her father's hand as she spoke, and looked at him with unutterable affection.

"Yes, Jessie, good *has* come out of evil in our lives, as you say. And I think people would often have less power to injure us than they have were we but true to ourselves. As long as you and me remained so Uncle Zeb's curse could never have done us any harm. Holloa! what are they up to there! See, there's Phil shouting like mad!"

There was evidently great excitement among the mother and her boys.

"There he goes, father. There's the gentleman who took us out fishing the other day, and jumped overboard when Ned fell into the water!"

A stranger was standing near the edge of the cliff beyond the garden-wall.

"Oh, do run and ask him to come in," said the mother. "I have seen him there nearly every night this week, and wondered who he could be. To think I didn't know him! You go too, Jessie; you'll know how to thank him. Here's your hat."

Jessie took her father's arm, and they set off for the cliff. As they drew nearer the stranger, Jessie suddenly grasped tight hold of her father's arm. "Oh, stop, father—stop! Look, he's coming this way!"

Jessie had recognized the figure before her. It was that of Mr. Dick Hale.

He had been prowling about the neighborhood for some days past in a secret sort of way, quite unlike his usual open behavior. Wild ducks had been the ostensible object of his wanderings, as the gun upon his shoulder gave evidence of; but the sea-fowl appeared only to frequent one part of the coast, and that was the immediate neighborhood of the Cliff Farm.

It required no great amount of persuasion upon Mrs. Mallet's part to induce Mr. Dick Hale to enter the house, and to stay and take supper afterward. And as, upon returning to his inn at midnight, he decided to remain another week in the neighborhood, it is to be presumed he spent a pleasant evening.

A few years further on, and we again take a peep at a family group at the Cliff Farm.

But this time they are assembled by a winter's fire, with the wind rumbling in the chimney, and the waves beating on the beach below.

A gray-haired old man is going to tell a Christmas story to his grandchildren. Grandfather has seen strange changes since his youth, and can tell strange stories too.

"Let it be something true, grandfather," says a bright-eyed little girl on his knee.

"And let it have a terrible name," says Dick, a fine boy of nine.

"Suppose, then, I tell you your mother's history," says grandfather, looking at the young matron sitting by her husband's side.

"Yes, grandfather, tell them that," replies the children's father.

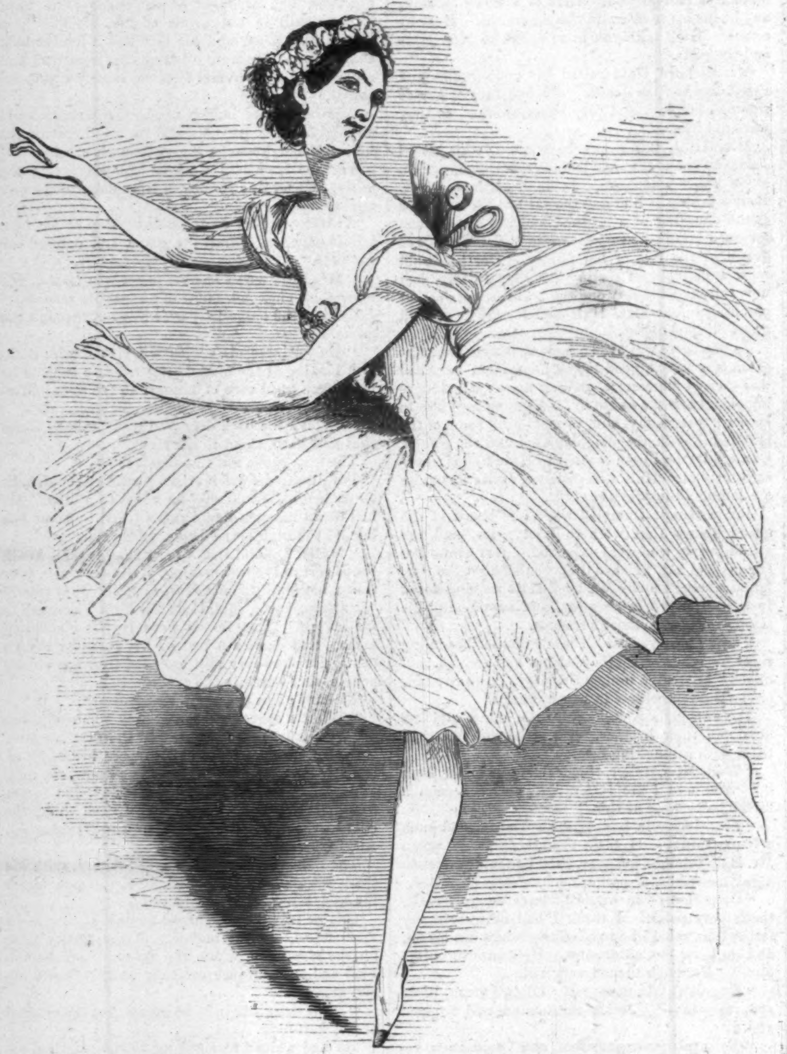
"But mother's history won't be a story," cries Dick.

"It will be as good," says grandfather; "and as you want a terrible name to it, Dick, suppose we call it *A Dead Man's Revenge!*"

THE NEW DANSEUSE, EMMA LIVRY.

THE accompanying portrait of Mademoiselle Emma Livry, the new danseuse, whose fame is filling the European ear, is said to be perfectly reliable. And though the ballet is an institution with which serious-minded persons should have as little to do as possible; though few good things grow out of it, or are connected with it in any way, it is not allowable for a newspaper to ignore its celebrities; and we therefore make room for the portrait of a dancer who seems destined to fill the place occupied by Cerito, Taglioni, and Fanny Elssler.

Emma Livry is a French girl, about sixteen years of age. Her father is understood to have been connected with the theatre in some subordinate capacity. When quite a child—almost an infant—young Emma was introduced to "the boards" in the part of a child *figurante*. Her graceful figure, pretty face, and extraordinary aptitude, quickly made her a favorite. When she was twelve years old, it is said, she was earning a handsome income. At that period, we are informed, a famous *maître de ballet* saw her, and having witnessed her agility, and the extraordinary quickness with which she mastered the most difficult performances, made an offer to teach her the highest parts in the ballet. The generous proposal was accepted. Emma was withdrawn from the stage, and became a regular pupil of M. ——.



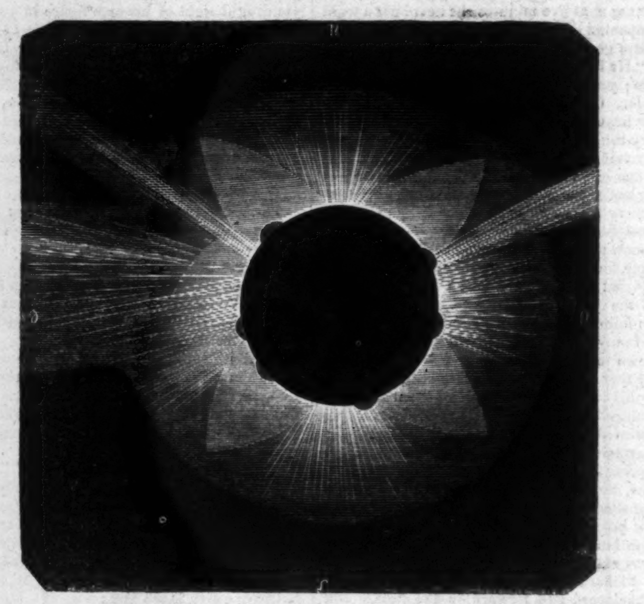
THE NEW DANSEUSE, EMMA LIVRY.

Very few persons who are unacquainted with the routine of the theatre are aware of the fatigues and trials of a dancer's life. It is doubtful whether any trade in the world involves so much or so constant muscular exertion. Nothing but incessant practice will insure the suppleness and strength which constitute a dancer's stock in trade. Early in the morning the aspirant for Terpsichorean honors must report herself at the school, and go through her exercises. These consist in keeping up a constant movement until nature gives way, and the dancer sinks exhausted on the floor; in whirling round on one foot until giddiness almost leads to delirium; in balancing one's self on one foot or one toe until the pain becomes too excruciating to be borne; in straining the limbs asunder, in every direction, until the muscles refuse their office. Young dancers frequently require absolute coercion to persuade them to pursue an apprenticeship so extremely painful. For more than a year after they join the great school at Paris they usually return home after their morning lesson in tears, worn-out, ready to faint, and suffering great pain in the muscular and nervous systems. Even after they master the rudiments of their calling, and are able to sustain their whole weight on the great toe of one foot, the length of time during which—in order to train their muscles—they are compelled to continue in rapid motion very severely tries the nerves. Indeed, of the many promising young girls who choose the ballet as their sphere, very few have the courage and the physical strength to persevere.

Through this arduous apprenticeship Mademoiselle Livry passed with credit and honor. From time to time she was shown to connoisseurs, who unanimously agreed in advising her to persevere. More than one enthusiastic amateur was so struck by the charms of the youthful *danseuse* that he would fain have deprived the world of her fame, and borne her away from her school and her prospects; but the lady herself and her parents were resolutely bent on success in the career she had chosen, and the admirers were one and all bidden to wait.

At last her début came. It was a great night. Every one in Paris knew that a young untried performer was to appear in a part which had been rendered classic by the exploits of the queens of the dance. Every one resolved to judge for himself. The theatre was crowded; the audience was discriminating. Emma Livry appeared on the stage, trembling and pale. For a moment her best friends entertained fears that her emotions might overpower her. Her first movements were timid and constrained. She had none of the factitious enthusiasm of the practiced *danseuse*. In her, all was natural and genuine; what she felt, she showed. As she began to dance, the audience watched her with such interest as the evident timidity of the young girl was calculated to awaken; they were silent and critical; as the swell of the music rose, and the soul of the composition began to shine forth from the chords, young Emma began to forget where she was, and to enter into the spirit of her part; the audience grew more attentive; presently, she gave full play to her powers, and the house warmed and began to applaud; and now, encouraged by the sound, she exerts herself to the utmost, transcends all her rivals in grace and poetry of motion, and the audience bursts into a frenzy of enthusiasm. The début was a success. Emma Livry was what in this country we should call an institution. She occupied a fixed place among Parisian stars.

The most touching anecdote connected with the success of this young girl couples her name with that of her famous predecessor Taglioni. The latter, who in her day was the favorite of Emperors and Republics alike, has for many years enjoyed the fruit of her labors, in an opulent retirement on the lake Como, and at Venice; but as soon as she heard of the promise of young Emma Livry she left her retirement, hastened to Paris, and hired a box for the season at the theatre where her successor performed. They say that Taglioni's was the first voice which applauded her; that her bouquet was the first which fell at her feet; that her voice was the first which, after the exciting triumph of the evening, warmly and generously congratulated her on her success. The French papers are full of enthusiasm on the subject. They have even gone so far—in their desire to do honor to Taglioni—as to invent a new name for her; they call her the *matriarch* of the dance.



THE SOLAR ECLIPSE OF 7TH SEPTEMBER LAST, AS SEEN IN BRAZIL.

THE LATE SOLAR ECLIPSE, AS SEEN NEAR RIO JANEIRO.

THE solar eclipse which took place on 7th September last was not generally visible here, owing to unfavorable weather; but a very fine view of it was obtained in other parts of this continent. Near Rio Janeiro it was perfectly visible: the accompanying engraving will convey a fair idea of the extraordinary spectacle, as it was witnessed by an eminent French astronomer.

It is hardly necessary to mention, even for the benefit of our very young readers, that a solar eclipse is caused by the intervention of the moon between the sun and the earth during the daytime, and that the effect of that intervention is that the sun's rays are intercepted, the day turned into night while the eclipse lasts. In former times, when superstition was more common than science, eclipses used to be regarded as evidences of the divine wrath. Every one remembers the fatal results which followed the eclipse during the Athenian siege of Syracuse; much of the terrors of the early history of New England was due to similar causes. So, in our own day, ignorant and superstitious minds are prone to ascribe to divine intervention physical phenomena which enlarged scientific experience readily explains.

During a total eclipse of the sun the earth assumes a dull gray, then a bluish, and finally a black color; the stars appear; night seems to set in; the cattle prepare to rest, and horses frequently—appearing to detect the abnormal character of the phenomenon—display signs of evident terror and alarm. Even man's courage is put to the test by the awful gloom which overspreads the face of nature. While the eclipse lasts an unnatural night appears to prevail; a rainbow occasionally, in cloudy weather, marks the site of the sun's disappearance; at other times the solar rays radiate from its obscured surface, and look like a dozen comets starting on their meteoric journey through space. Persons of an imaginative turn of mind have frequently fancied they detected a peculiar odor in the atmosphere at these seasons; there is no scientific reason for any such phenomenon.

As the sun begins to emerge from the shadow nature presents the aspect of dawn; birds begin to sing; cattle rise from their sleeping-place; man, wise as he may be, welcomes with sincere joy the return of the luminary to which the earth owes the breath of life. From hill to valley the dark cloud rises, and brilliant tints, blending with the rainbow which so frequently accompanies the close of an eclipse, dance round tree tops and church spires, as if even inanimate objects shared the joy of created beings. A total solar eclipse is, without doubt, the most awful and sublime sight that it is ever given to man to witness.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER IV.

> Immunis aram, si tetigit manus,
> Non sumptuosa blandior hostia,
> Mollivit aversas Penates,
> Farre pio et saliente mica.—HORAT.

IT is the gray of the evening. Fairthorn is sauntering somewhat sullenly along the banks of the lake. He has missed, the last three days, his walk with Sophy—missed the pleasing excitement of talking *at* her, and *of* the family in whose obsolete glories he considers her very interest an obtrusive impertinence. He has missed, too, his more habitual and less irritating conversation with Darrell. In short, altogether he is put out, and he vents his spleen on the swans, who follow him along the wave as he walks along the margin, intimating either their affection for himself, or their anticipation of the bread crumbs associated with his image—by the amiable note, half snort and half grunt, to which change of time or climate has reduced the vocal accomplishments of those classical birds, so pathetically melodious in the age of Moschus and on the banks of Cayster.

"Not a crumb, you unprincipled beggars," growled the musician. "You imagine that mankind are to have no other thought but that of supplying you with luxuries! And if you were asked, in a competitive examination, to define ME, your benefactor, you would say—'A thing very low in the scale of creation, without wings or even feathers, but which Providence endowed with a peculiar instinct for affording nutritious and palatable additions to the ordinary aliment of Swans!' Ay, you may grunt; I wish I had you—in a pie!"

Slowly, out through the gap between yon gray crag and the thorn-tree, paces the doe, halting to drink just where the faint star of eve shoots its gleam along the wave. The musician forgets the swans and quickens his pace, expecting to meet the doe's wonted companion. He is not disappointed. He comes on Guy Darrell where the twilight shadow falls darkest between the gray crag and the thorn-tree.

"Dear Fellow Hermit," said Darrell, almost gayly, yet with more than usual affection in his greeting and voice, "you find me just when I want you. I am as one whose eyes have been strained by a violent conflict of colors, and your quiet presence is like the relief of a return to green. I have news for you, Fairthorn. You, who know more of my secrets than any other man, shall be the first to learn a decision that must bind you and me more together—but not in these scenes, Dick.

'Ibimus—Ibimus!
———————Supremum
Carpere iter, comites, parati!'"

"What do you mean, Sir?" asked Fairthorn. "My mind always misgives me when I hear you quoting Horace. Some reflection about the certainty of death, or other disagreeable subjects is sure to follow!"

"Death! No, Dick—not now. Marriage-bells and joy, Dick! We shall have a wedding!"

"What! You will marry at last! And it must be that beautiful Caroline Lyndsay! It must—it must! You can never love another! You know it, my dear, dear master! I shall see you, then, happy before I die."

"Tut, foolish old friend!" said Darrell, leaning his arm tenderly on Fairthorn's shoulder, and walking on slowly toward the house. "How often must I tell you that no marriage-bells can ring for me!"

"But you have told me, too, that you went to Twickenham to steal a sight of *her* again; and that it was the sight of her that made you resolve to wed no one else. And when I have railed against her for fickleness, have not you nearly frightened me out of my wits, as if no one might rail against her but yourself? And now she is free—and did you not grant that she would not refuse your hand, and would be true and faithful henceforth? And yet you insist on being—granite!"

"No, Dick, not granite; I wish I were!"

"Granite and pride," persisted Dick, courageously. "If one chips a bit off the one, one only breaks one's spade against the other."

"Pride!—you too!" muttered Darrell, mournfully; then aloud, "No, it is not pride now, whatever it might have been even yesterday. But I would rather be racked by all the tortures that pious inquisitors ever invented out of compassion for obstinate heretics, than condemn the woman I have so fatally loved to a penance the misery of which she can not foresee. She would accept me?—certainly! Why? Because she thinks she owes me reparation—because she pities me. And my heart tells me that I might become cruel, and mean, and vindictive, if I were to live day by day with one who created in me, while my life was at noon, a love never known in its morn, and to feel that that love's sole return was the pity vouchsafed to the nightfall of my age. No; if she pitied, but did not love me, when, eighteen years ago, we parted under yonder beech-tree, I should be a dotard to dream that woman's pity mellows into love as our locks become gray, and Youth turns our vows into ridicule. It is not pride that speaks here; it is rather humility, Dick! But we must not now talk of old age and by-gones. Youth and marriage-bells, Dick! Know that I have been for hours pondering how to reconcile with my old-fashioned notions dear Lionel's happiness. We must think of the living as well as the dead, Dick. I have solved the problem. I am happy, and so shall the young folks be."

"You don't mean to say that you will consent to—"

"Yes, to Lionel's marriage with that beautiful girl, whose parentage we never will ask. Great men are their own ancestors; why not sometimes fair women? Enough—I consent! I shall of course secure to my kinsman and his bride an ample fortune. Lionel will have time for his honeymoon before he departs for the wars. He will fight with good heart now, Dick. Young folks of the present day can not bear up against sorrow as they were trained to do in mine. And that amiable lady who has so much pity for me, has, of course, still more pity for a charming young couple for whose marriage she schemed, in order to give me a home, Dick. And rather than she should pine and fall ill, and—no matter; all shall be settled as it should be for the happiness of the living. But something else must be settled; we must think of the dead as well as the living; and this name of Darrell shall be buried with me in the grave beside my father's. Lionel Haughton will keep to his own name. Live the Haughtons! Perish, but with no blot on their shield—perish the Darrells! Why, what is that? Tears, Dick? Pooh!—be a man! And I want all your strength; for you, too, must have a share in the sacrifice. What follows is not the dictate of pride, if I *can* read myself aright. No; it is the final completion and surrender of the object on which so much of my life has been wasted—but a surrender that satisfies my crotchets of honor. At all events, if it be pride in disguise, it will demand no victim in others; you and I may have a sharp pang—we must bear it, Dick."

"What on earth is coming now?" said Dick, dolefully.

"The due to the dead, Richard Fairthorn. This nook of fair England, in which I learned from the dead to love honor—this poor domain of Fawley—shall go in bequest to the College at which I was reared."

"Sir!"

"It will serve for a fellowship or two to honest, brave-hearted young scholars. It will be thus, while English institutions may last, devoted to Learning and Honor. It may sustain for mankind some ambition more generous than mine, it appears, ever was—settled thus, not in mine, but my dear father's name, like the Darrell Museum. These are my dues to the dead, Dick! And the old house thus becomes useless. The new house was ever a folly. They must go down both, as soon as the young folks are married; not a stone stand on stone! The plowshare shall pass over their sites! And this task I order you to see done. I have not strength. You will then hasten to join me at Sorrento, that corner of earth on which Horace wished to breathe his last sigh.

'Ille te mecum locus et beatæ
Postulant arces—ibi—tu—'"

"Don't, Sir, don't. Horace again! It is too much." Fairthorn was choking; but as if the idea presented to him was really too monstrous for belief, he clutched at Darrell with so uncertain and vehement a hand that he almost caught him by the throat, and sobbed out, "You must be joking."

"Seriously and solemnly, Richard Fairthorn," said Darrell, gently disentangling the fingers that threatened him with strangulation. "Seriously and solemnly I have uttered to you my deliberate purpose. I implore you, in the name of our lifelong friendship, to face this pain as I do—resolutely, cheerfully. I implore you to execute to the letter the instructions I shall leave with you on quitting England, which I shall do the day Lionel is married; and then, dear old friend, calm days, clear consciences. In climes where whole races have passed away—proud cities themselves sunk in graves—where our petty grief for a squirearch's lost house we shall both grow ashamed to indulge—there we will moralize, rail against vain dreams and idle pride, cultivate vines and orange-trees, with Horace—nay, nay, Dick—with the FLUTE!"

CHAPTER V.

More bounteous run rivers when the ice that locked their flow melts into their waters. And when fine natures relent, their kindness is swelled by the thaw.

DARRELL escaped into the house; Fairthorn sunk upon the ground, and resigned himself for some minutes to unmanly lamentations. Suddenly he started up; a thought came into his brain—a hope into his breast. He made a caper—launched himself into a precipitate zigzag—gained the hall-door—plunged into his own mysterious hiding-place—and in less than an hour re-emerged, a letter in his hand, with which he had just time to catch the postman, as that functionary was striding off from the back-yard with the official bag.

This exploit performed, Fairthorn shambled into his chair at the dinner-table, as George Morley concluded the grace which preceded the meal that, in Fairthorn's estimation, usually made the grand event of the passing day. But the poor man's appetite was gone. As Sophy dined with Waife, the Morleys alone shared, with host and secretary, the melancholy entertainment. George was no less silent than Fairthorn; Darrell's manner perplexed him. Mrs. Morley, not admitted into her husband's confidence in secrets that concerned others, though in all his own he was to her conjugal sight *pellucidior vitro*, was the chief talker; and, being the best woman in the world, ever wishing to say something pleasant, she fell to praising the dear old family pictures that scowled at her from the wall, and informed Fairthorn that she had made great progress with her sketch of the old house as seen from the lake, and was in doubt whether she should introduce in the foreground some figures of the olden time, as in Nash's Views of Baronial Mansions. But not a word could she coax out of Fairthorn; and when she turned to appeal to Darrell, the host suddenly addressed to George a question as to the texts and authorities by which the Papal Church defends its doctrine of Purgatory. That entailed a long, and no doubt erudite, reply, which lasted not only through the rest of the dinner, but till Mrs. Morley, edified by the discourse, and delighted to notice the undeviating attention which Darrell paid to her distinguished spouse, took advantage of the first full stop, and retired. Fairthorn finished his bottle of port, and, far from convinced that there was no Purgatory, but inclined to advance the novel heresy that Purgatory sometimes commenced on this side the grave—slinked away, and was seen no more that night; neither was his flute heard.

Then Darrell rose, and said, "I shall go up stairs to our sick friend for a few minutes; may I find you here when I come back? Your visit to him can follow mine."

On entering Waife's room, Darrell went straight forward toward Sophy, and cut off her retreat.

"Fair guest," said he, with a grace and tenderness of manner which, when he pleased it, could be ineffably bewitching—"teach me some art by which in future rather to detain than to scare away the presence in which a duller age than mine could still recognize the charms that subdue the young." He led her back gently to the seat she had deserted—placed himself next to her—addressed a few cordial queries to Waife about his health and comforts—and then said, "You must not leave me for some days yet. I have written by this post to my kinsman, Lionel Haughton. I have refused to be his embassador at a court in which, by all the laws of nations, he is bound to submit himself to his conqueror. I can not even hope that he may escape with his freedom. No! chains for life! Thrice happy, indeed, if that be the merciful sentence you inflict."

He raised Sophy's hand to his lips as he ended, and before she could even quite comprehend the meaning of his words—so was she startled, confused, incredulous of such sudden change in fate—the door had closed on Darrell, and Waife had clasped her to his breast, murmuring, "Is not Providence kind?"

Darrell rejoined the scholar. "George," said he, "be kind enough to tell Alban that you showed me his letter. Be kind enough also to write to Lady Montfort, and say that I gratefully acknowledge her wish to repair to me those losses which have left me to face age and the grave alone. Tell her that her old friend (you remember, George, I knew her as a child) sees in that wish the same sweet goodness of heart which soothed him when his son died and his daughter fled. Add that her wish is gratified. To that marriage, in which she compassionately foresaw the best solace left to my bereaved and baffled existence—to that marriage I give my consent."

"You do! Oh, Mr. Darrell, how I honor you!"

"Nay, I no more deserve honor for consenting than I should have deserved contempt if I had continued to refuse. To do what I deemed right is not more my wish now than it was twelve hours ago. To what so sudden a change of resolve in one who changes resolves very rarely may be due, whether to Lady Montfort, to Alban, or to that metaphysical skill with which you wound into my reason, and compelled me to review all its judgments, I do not attempt to determine; yet I thought I had no option but the course I had taken. No; it is fair to yourself to give you the chief credit; you made me desire, you made me resolve, to find an option—I have found one. And now pay your visit where mine has been just paid. It will be three days, I suppose, before Lionel, having joined his new regiment at * * * *, can be here. And then it will be weeks yet, I believe, before his regiment sails;—and I'm all for short courtships."

CHAPTER VI.

Fairthorn frightens Sophy. Sir Isaac is invited by Darrell, and forms one of a Family Circle.

SUCH a sweet voice in singing breaks out from yon leafless beeches! Waife hears it at noon from his window. Hark! Sophy has found song once more.

She is seated on a garden bench, looking across the lake toward the gloomy old Manor House and the tall spectre-palace beside it. Mrs. Morley is also on the bench, hard at work on her sketch; Fairthorn prowls through the thickets behind, wandering restless and wretched, and wrathful beyond all words to describe. He hears that voice singing; he stops short, perfectly rabid with indignation. "Singing," he muttered, "singing in triumph, and glowering at the very House she dooms to destruction. Worse than Nero striking his lyre amidst the conflagration of Rome!"

By-and-by Sophy, who somehow or other can not sit long in any place, and tires that day of any companion, wanders away from the lake, and comes right upon Fairthorn. Hailing, in her unutterable secret bliss, the musician who had so often joined her rambles in the days of unuttered secret sadness, she sprang toward him with welcome and mirth in a face that would have lured Diogenes out of his tub. Fairthorn recoiled sidelong, growling forth, "Don't—you had better not!"—grinned the most savage grin, showing all his teeth like a wolf; and as she stood, mute with wonder, perhaps with fright, he slunk edgewise off, as if aware of his own murderous inclinations, turning his head more than once, and shaking it at her; then, with the wonted mystery which enveloped his exits, he was gone!—vanished behind a crag, or amidst a bush, or into a hole—Heaven knows; but like the lady in the Siege of Corinth, who warned the renegade Alp of his approaching end, he was "gone."

Twice again that day Sophy encountered the enraged musician; each time the same menacing aspect and weird disappearance.

"Is Mr. Fairthorn ever a little—odd?" asked Sophy, timidly, of George Morley.

"Always," answered George, dryly.

Sophy felt relieved at that reply. Whatever is habitual in a man's manner, however unpleasant, is seldom formidable. Still Sophy could not help saying,

"I wish poor Sir Isaac were here!"

"Do you?" said a soft voice behind her; "and, pray, who is Sir Isaac?"

The Speaker was Darrell, who had come forth with the resolute intent to see more of Sophy, and make himself as amiably social as he could. Guy Darrell could never be kind by halves.

"Sir Isaac is the wonderful dog you have heard me describe," replied George.

"Would he hurt my doe if he came here?" asked Darrell.

"Oh no," cried Sophy; "he never hurts any thing. He once found a wounded hare, and he brought it in his mouth to us so tenderly, and seemed so anxious that we should cure it, which grandfather did, and the hare would sometimes hurt him, but he never hurt the hare."

Said George, sonorously,

"Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."

Darrell drew Sophy's arm into his own. "Will you walk back to the lake with me," said he, "and help me to feed the swans? George, send your servant express for Sir Isaac. I am impatient to make his acquaintance."

Sophy's hand involuntarily pressed Darrell's arm. She looked up into his face with innocent, joyous gratitude; feeling at once, and as by magic, that her awe of him was gone.

Darrell and Sophy rambled thus together for more than an hour. He sought to draw out her mind, unaware to herself; he succeeded. He was struck with a certain simple poetry of thought which pervaded her ideas—not artificial sentimentality, but a natural tendency to detect in all life a something of delicate or beautiful which lies hid from the ordinary sense. He found, thanks to Lady Montfort, that, though far from learned, she was more acquainted with literature than he had supposed. And sometimes he changed color, or breathed his short, quick sigh when he recognized her familiarity with passages in his favorite authors which he himself had commended, or read aloud, to the Caroline of old.

The next day Waife, who seemed now recovered as by enchantment, walked forth with George, Darrell again with Sophy. Sir Isaac arrived—immense joy; the doe butts Sir Isaac, who, retreating, stands on his hind legs, and, having possessed himself of Waife's crutch, presents fire; the doe in her turn retreats; half an hour afterward doe and dog are friends.

Waife is induced, without much persuasion, to join the rest of the party at dinner. In the evening all (Fairthorn excepted) draw round the fire. Waife is entreated by George to read a scene or two out of Shakspeare. He selects the latter portion of "King Lear." Darrell, who never was a play-goer, and who, to his shame be it said, had looked very little into Shakspeare since he left college, was wonderstruck. He himself read beautifully—all great orators, I suppose, do; but his talent was not mimetic—not imitative; he could never have been an actor—never thrown himself into existences wholly alien or repugnant to his own. Grave or gay, stern or kind, Guy Darrell, though often varying, was always Guy Darrell.

But when Waife was once in that magical world of art, Waife was gone—nothing left of him; the part lived as if there were no actor to it; it *was* the Fool—it WAS Lear.

For the first time Darrell felt what a grand creature a grand actor really is—what a luminous, unconscious critic bringing out beauties of which no commentator ever dreamed! When the reading was over talk still flowed; the gloomy old hearth knew the charm of a home-circle. All started incredulous when the clock struck one. Just as Sophy was passing to the door, out from behind the window-curtain glared a vindictive, spiteful eye. Fairthorn made a mow at her, which 'tis a pity Waife did not see—it would have been a study for Caliban. She uttered a little scream.

"What's the matter?" cried the host.

"Nothing," said she, quickly—far too generous to betray the hostile oddities of the musician. "Sir Isaac was in my way—that was all."

"Another evening we must have Fairthorn's flute," said Darrell. "What a pity he was not here to-night!—he would have enjoyed such reading—no one more."

Said Mrs. Morley, "He was here once or twice during the evening; but he vanished!"

"Vanishing seems his forte," said George.

Darrell looked annoyed. It was his peculiarity to resent any jest, however slight, against an absent friend; and at that moment his heart was perhaps more warmed toward Dick Fairthorn than to any man living. If he had not determined to be as amiable and mild toward his guests as his nature would permit, probably George might have had the flip of a sarcasm which would have tingled for a month. But as it was, Darrell contented himself with saying, gravely,

"No, George; Fairthorn's foible is vanishing—his forte is fidelity. If my fortune were to vanish, Fairthorn would never disappear; and that's more than I would say if I were a King, and Fairthorn—a Bishop!"

After that extraordinary figure of speech "Good-nights" were somewhat hastily exchanged; and Fairthorn was left behind the curtain with feelings toward all his master's guests as little, it is to be hoped, like those of a Christian Bishop toward his fellow-creatures as they possibly could be.

CHAPTER VII.

"Domus et placens Uxor."

Fairthorn finds nothing *placens* in the *Uxor*, to whom *Domus* is indebted for its destruction.

ANOTHER day! Lionel is expected to arrive an hour or two after noon. Darrell is in his room—his will once more before him. He has drawn up a rough copy of the codicil by which Fawley is to pass away; and the name of Darrell be consigned to the care of grateful Learning, linked with prizes and fellowships—a public property—lost forever to private representatives of its sepulchred bearers. Preparations for departure from the doomed dwelling-house have begun. There are large boxes on the floor; and favorite volumes—chiefly in science or classics—lie piled beside them for selection.

What is really at the bottom of Guy Darrell's heart? Does he feel reconciled to his decision? Is the virtue of his new self-sacrifice in itself a consoling reward? Is that cordial urbanity, that cheerful kindness, by which he has been yet more endearing himself to his guests, sincere or assumed? As he throws aside his pen, and leans his cheek on his hand, the expression of his countenance may perhaps best answer those questions. It has more unmingled melancholy than was habitual to it before, even when in his gloomiest moods; but it is a melancholy much more soft and subdued; it is the melancholy of resignation—that of a man who has ceased a long struggle—paid his offering to the appeased Nemesis, in casting into the sea the thing that had been to him the dearest.

But in resignation, when complete, there is always a strange relief. Despite that melancholy, Darrell is less unhappy than he has been for years. He feels as if a suspense had passed—a load been lifted from his breast. After all, he has secured, to the best of his judgment, the happiness of the living, and in relinquishing the object to which his own life has been vainly devoted, and immolating the pride attached to it, he has yet, to use his own words, paid his "dues to the dead." No descendant from a Jasper Losely and a Gabrielle Desmarets will sit as mistress of the house in which Loyalty and Honor had garnered, with the wrecks of fortune, the memories of knightly fame—nor perpetuate the name of Darrell through children whose blood has a source in the sink of infamy and fraud. Nor was this consolation that of a culpable pride; it was bought by the abdication of a pride that had opposed its prejudices to living worth—to living happiness. Sophy would not be punished for sins not her own—Lionel not barred from a prize that earth never might replace. What mattered to them a mouldering, old, desolate Manor House—a few hundreds of pitiful acres? Their children would not be less blooming if their holiday summer noons were not shaded by those darksome trees—nor less lively of wit, if their school themes were signed in the name, not of Darrell, but Haughton.

A slight nervous knock at the door. Darrell has summoned Fairthorn; Fairthorn enters. Darrell takes up a paper; it contains minute instructions as to the demolition of the two buildings. The materials of the new pile may be disposed of, sold, carted away—any how, any where. Those of the old house are sacred—not a brick to be carried from the precincts around it. No; from foundation to roof, all to be piously removed—to receive formal interment deep in the still bosom of the little lake, and the lake to be filled up and turfed over. The pictures and antiquities selected for the Darrell Museum are, of course, to be carefully transported to London—warehoused safely till the gift from owner to nation be legally ratified. The pictures and articles of less value will be sent to an auction. But when it came to the old family portraits in the Manor House, the old homely furniture, familiarized to sight and use and love from infancy, Darrell was at a loss; his invention failed. That question was reserved for farther consideration.

"And why," says Fairthorn, bluntly and coarsely, urging at least reprieve, "why, if it must be, not wait till you are no more? Why must the old house be buried before you are?"

"Because," answered Darrell, "such an order, left by will, would seem a reproach to my heirs; it would wound Lionel to the quick. Done in my lifetime, and just after I have given my blessing on his marriage, I can suggest a thousand reasons for an old man's whim; and my manner alone will dispel all idea of a covert affront to his charming innocent bride."

"I wish she were hanged, with all my heart," muttered Fairthorn, "coming here to do such astonishing mischief! But, Sir, I can't obey you; 'tis no use talking. You must get some one else. Parson Morley will do it—with pleasure, too, no doubt; or that hobbling old man whom I suspect to be a conjuror. Who knows but what he may get knocked on the head as he is looking on with his wicked one eye; and then there will be an end of him, too, which would be a great satisfaction!"

"Pshaw, my dear Dick; there is no one else I can ask but you. The Parson would argue; I've had enough of his arguings; and the old man is the last whom my own arguings could deceive. *Fiat justitia.*"

"Don't, Sir, don't; you are breaking my heart!—'tis a shame, Sir," sobbed the poor faithful rebel.

"Well, Dick, then I must see it done myself; and you shall go on first to Sorrento, and hire some villa to suit us. I don't see why Lionel should not be married next week; then the house will be clear. And—yes—it *was* cowardly in me to shrink. Mine be the task. Shame on me to yield it to another. Go back to thy flute, Dick.

"'Neque tibias
Enterpe cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Lesboum refugit tendere barbiton!'"

At that last remorseless shaft from the Horatian quiver, "Venenatis gravida sagittis," Fairthorn could stand ground no longer; there was a shamble—a plunge—and once more the man was vanished.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Flute-player shows how little Music hath power to soothe the savage breast—of a Musician.

FAIRTHORN found himself on the very spot in which, more than five years ago, Lionel, stung by Fairthorn's own incontinent prickles, had been discovered by Darrell. There he threw himself on the ground, as the boy had done; there, like the boy, he brooded moodily, bitterly—sore with the world and himself. To that letter, written on the day that Darrell had so shocked him, and on which letter he had counted as a last forlorn-hope, no answer had been given. In an hour or so Lionel would arrive; those hateful nuptials, dooming Fawley as the nuptials of Paris and Helen had doomed Troy, would be finally arranged. In another week the work of demolition would commence. He never meant to leave Darrell to superintend that work. No; grumble and refuse as he might till the last moment, he knew well enough that, when it came to the point, he, Richard Fairthorn, must endure any torture that could save Guy Darrell from a pang. A voice comes singing low through the grove—the patter of feet on the crisp leaves. He looks up; Sir Isaac is scrutinizing him gravely—behind Sir Isaac, Darrell's own doe, led patiently by Sophy—yes, lending its faithless neck to that female criminal's destroying hand. He could not bear that sight, which added insult to injury. He scrambled up—darted a kick at Sir Isaac—snatched the doe from the girl's hand, and looked her in the face (*her*—not Sophy, but the doe) with a reproach that, if the brute had not been lost to all sense of shame, would have cut her to the heart; then, turning to Sophy, he said, "No, Miss! I reared this creature—fed it with my own hands, Miss. I gave it up to Guy Darrell, Miss; and you sha'n't steal this from him whatever else you may do, Miss."

SOPHY. "Indeed, Mr. Fairthorn, it was for Mr. Darrell's sake that I wished to make friends with the doe—as you would with poor Sir Isaac, if you would but try and like me—a little, only a very little, Mr. Fairthorn."

FAIRTHORN. "Don't!"

SOPHY. "Don't what? I am so sorry to see I have annoyed you somehow. You have not been the same person to me the last two or three days. Tell me what I have done wrong; scold me, but make it up."

FAIRTHORN. "Don't hold out your hand to me! Don't be smiling in my face! I don't choose it! Get out of my sight! You are standing between me and the old house—robbing me even of my last looks at the home which you—"

SOPHY. "Which I—what?"

FAIRTHORN. "Don't, I say, don't—don't tempt me. You had better not ask questions—that's all. I shall tell you the truth; I know I shall; my tongue is itching to tell it. Please to walk on."

Despite the grotesque manner and astounding rudeness of the flute-player, his distress of mind was so evident—there was something so genuine and earnest at the bottom of his ludicrous anger—that Sophy began to feel a vague presentiment of evil. That she was the mysterious cause of some great suffering to this strange enemy, whom she had unconsciously provoked, was clear; and she said, therefore, with more gravity than she had before evinced,

"Mr. Fairthorn, tell me how I have incurred your displeasure. I entreat you to do so; no matter how painful the truth may be, it is due to us both not to conceal it."

A ray of hope darted through Fairthorn's enraged and bewildered mind. He looked to the right—he looked to the left; no one near. Releasing his hold on the doe, he made a sidelong dart toward Sophy, and said, "Hush! do you really care what becomes of Mr. Darrell?"

"To be sure I do."

"You would not wish him to die brokenhearted in a foreign land—that old house leveled to the ground, and buried in the lake? Eh, Miss—eh?"

"How can you ask me such questions?" said Sophy, faintly. "Do speak plainly, and at once."

"Well, I will, Miss. I believe you are a good young lady, after all—and don't wish really to bring disgrace upon all who want to keep you in the dark, and—"

"Disgrace!" interrupted Sophy; and her pure spirit rose, and the soft blue eye flashed a ray like a shooting-star.

"No, I am sure you would not like it; and some time or other you could not help knowing, and you would be very sorry for it. And that boy, Lionel, who was as proud as Guy Darrell himself when I saw him last (prouder, indeed)—that *he* should be so ungrateful to his benefactor! And, indeed, the day may come when he may turn round on you, or on the lame old gentleman, and say he has been disgraced. Should not wonder at all! Young folks, when they are sweet-hearting, only talk about roses, and angels, and such like; but when husbands and wives fall out, as they always do sooner or later, they don't mince their words then, and they just take the sharpest thing that they can find at their tongue's end. So you may depend on it, my dear Miss, that some day or other that young Haughton will say 'that you lost him the old Manor House and the old Darrell name,' and have been his disgrace; that's the very word, Miss; I've heard husbands and wives say it to each other over and over again."

SOPHY. "Oh, Mr. Fairthorn, Mr. Fairthorn! these horrid words can not be meant for me. I will go to Mr. Darrell—I will ask him how I can be a dis—" Her lips could not force out the word.

FAIRTHORN. "Ay; go to Mr. Darrell, if you please. He will deny it all; he will never speak to me again. I don't care—I am reckless. But it is not the less true that you make him an exile because you may make me a beggar."

SOPHY (*wringing her hands*). "Have you no mercy, Mr. Fairthorn? Will you not explain?"

FAIRTHORN. "Yes, if you will promise to keep it secret at least for the next six months—any thing for breathing time."

SOPHY (*impatiently*). "I promise, I promise! speak, speak!"

And then Fairthorn did speak! He did speak of Jasper Losely—his character—his debasement—even of his midnight visit to her host's chamber. He did speak of the child fraudulently sought to be thrust on Darrell—of Darrell's just indignation and loathing. The man was merciless; though he had not an idea of the anguish he was inflicting, he was venting his own anguish. All the mystery of her past life became clear at once to the unhappy girl—all that had been kept from her by protecting love. All her vague conjectures now became a dreadful certainty;—explained now why Lionel had fled her—why he had written that letter, over the contents of which she had pondered, with her finger on her lip, as if to hush her own sighs—all, all! She marry Lionel now! impossible! She bring disgrace upon him, in return for such generous, magnanimous affection! She drive his benefactor, her grandsire's vindicator, from his own hearth! She—she—that Sophy who, as a mere infant, had recoiled from the thought of playful subterfuge and tamperings with plain honest truth! She rose before Fairthorn had done; indeed the tormentor, left to himself, would not have ceased till nightfall.

"Fear not, Mr. Fairthorn," she said, resolutely, "Mr. Darrell will be no exile; his house will not be destroyed. Lionel Haughton shall not wed the child of disgrace! Fear not, Sir; all is safe!"

She shed not a tear; nor was there writ on her countenance that CHANGE, speaking of blighted hope, which had passed over it at her young lover's melancholy farewell. No, now she was supported—now there was a virtue by the side of a sorrow—now love was to shelter and save the beloved from disgrace—from disgrace! At that thought disgrace fell harmless from herself as the rain from the plumes of a bird. She passed on, her cheek glowing, her form erect.

By the porch door she met Waife and the Morleys. With a kind of wild impetuosity she seized the old man's arm, and drew it fondly, clingingly within her own. Henceforth they two were to be, as in years gone by, all in all to each other. George Morley eyed her countenance in thoughtful surprise. Mrs. Morley, bent as usual on saying something seasonably kind, burst into a eulogium on her brilliant color. So they passed on toward the garden side of the house. Wheels—the tramp of hoofs, full gallop; and George Morley, looking up, exclaimed, "Ha! here comes Lionel!—and see, Darrell is hastening out to welcome him!"

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

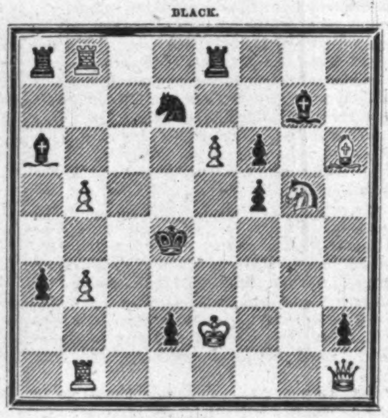
"MOUCHE" (Washington). Your Problem is sound, but by no means sufficiently intricate for publication. We can procure you blank diagrams, but do not know the cost. You had better send postage stamps to the amount you wish.——J. B. L. (Beverley Chess Club). Would you do us the favor to select *one* of your best, and let us hear again? Your former communication *non est.*——W. L. G. (Beloit, Wis.). The King can not move to a square attacked by an adverse piece, notwithstanding said piece may be *pinned* in the manner you describe.——W. S. W. (Harrodsburg, Ky.). It is incumbent upon you to say *check* on attacking adverse King.——Contributions of Problems and other similar matter from G. W. J., R. F. M. (Boston), W. H. B. (Stockbridge, Mich.), C. A. C. (Dover), J. W., Jun. (Syracuse), H. F. M. (Charleston), J. K. D. (Charlestown), R. S. S., H. G. C. (Akron, O.), are handed over to the examiner, whose report thereon will reach us shortly.——H. F. B. (New Orleans). Explanations in the matter referred to have already been published in our Chess column. We take this opportunity, by-the-way, of informing our friends generally that, excepting under very unusual circumstances, we must be excused from reference to *back numbers* extending beyond two weeks.

Additional communications, accompanying solutions to Prob. VIII., have been received, as follows: from R. T. D., J. A. S. M'C. (Mexico, Miss.), J. W. W. (Maury Co., Tenn.), R. E. N. (Columbia), L. B. T., R. W. F. and L. S. (Meadville, Pa.), T. D. (Auburn), W. H. C. (Oxford, O.), L. F. K. (Farmland, Ind.), W. L. G., H. W. R. (Keokuk, Ind.); and to Jacobus's No. IX., with many eulogistic expressions, from N. C. R., "FUNGO" (who is wrong in other respects), A. O. W., N. R. R. (Boston), J. K. D. (Charlestown). Solutions to various *Enigmas* are likewise to hand from J. K. D., Ned R. R., A. O. W., C. T., L. R. J. M., and "FRANCOIS." Solutions to Problem X. are acknowledged from C. F., J. T. L., M. R., and J. T., Dr. R. (Philadelphia). Various unsuccessful attempts at same from sundry correspondents, who, on comparing notes, will see the error of their ways.

PROBLEM XI.

Dedicated to JOHN HERRIMAN, Esq., by JOHN GARDNER, Brooklyn.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM X.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to K Kt 8.	Any thing
2. Checkmate	

The variations on Black's first move are so numerous that we can not afford space to note them. Play as he may, however, he is checkmated next move.

SOLUTION TO ENIGMA III.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to B 7	B takes Q (*)
2. P to Q 6	Any thing
3. Kt checkmates	
1. (*) If	R to K, or Kt to B 3
2. Q takes B (ch)	R or Kt interposes
3. Q checkmates	

Again, should Black play, for first move, R to Q or R 3, etc., White plays Q to Kt 7, and mates next move.

THE TELEGRAPHIC MATCH BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK.—On Tuesday evening, the 28th ult., the second and conclusive game in this match was resumed. The Philadelphians, with whom the move rested, took up the game at the twenty-eighth move, and succeeded, ere long, in bringing the contest to a successful issue. We append the score of the remaining twelve moves, the former portion of which will be found in last week's *Harper*. To volunteer criticisms upon the play, under all circumstances, would be somewhat presumptuous; but we can not help observing that our New York friends appear to have been taken somewhat aback by the combination which their opponents had in store for them, commencing on the thirty-second move, and wherein the abandonment of Knight is determined upon.

	Philadelphia.	*New York.*
28.	R takes R	B takes R
29.	Q to B 2	K to R 2
30.	R to K	B to K B 4
31.	Q to Q 2	P takes Kt
32.	P takes P	Q to Q 4
33.	R to K R (ch)	K to Kt
34.	P takes B	Q takes P at B 5
35.	Q to K R 6	P to Kt 4
36.	B to Q 6	R to B 3
37.	Q to R 5	Q to Kt 3
38.	Q to R 8 (ch)	K to B 2
39.	R to K	

New York resigns.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

CONSUMPTION—something that begins with *cough* and ends with *coffin.*

Jacob Jones was elected Sheriff of the County in November last. Jacob was very pompous, very self-complacent, very proud of the honor. His neighbors called to see him. "Approach," said Jacob, "approach very near. Though I am the Sheriff-elect, I feel that I am still one of you!"

Modest Jacob Jones!

An Irishman went into Washington Market a short time since, and seeing a dead owl hanging up at one of the poultry stands, inquired of the man in attendance:

"Boss, what do yez ask for the broad-faced turkey?"

"You clown," says the man, "that is an owl; it is not a turkey."

"I don't care," says Pat, "how *ould* it is; I asked yez the *price* of the turkey."

I was one day playing through a new song to Messrs. Cramer & Beale, in London, and *M. Soyer* was standing by, listening. When it was finished he came up, and remarked, "That seems to me to be a very pretty thing—well put together, and simple—just what a *salad—ballad,* I mean—should be."

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Friday, Dec.* 31, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets, since our last, have been inactive for Breadstuffs. Holders, however, have not been very eager to dispose of their supplies, and prices have not varied much. The stock of Wheat Flour in New York and vicinity is generally estimated at about 1,000,000 barrels, and that of all kinds of Wheat at about 1,250,000 bushels. It should be remembered, however, that the supplies of Flour and Wheat here consist mainly of inferior or undesirable lots, not wanted by the home trade. The stocks of really good Flour and Wheat, such as can be easily disposed of to purchasers for domestic consumption, are comparatively light. Holders of such are very firm, and not disposed by "forestalling," to anticipate the regular requirements of their customers. The stock of Corn is not very heavy, nor is the demand for this kind of grain active. Hence, it is not without some difficulty that prices of old are maintained. New is arriving freely from the South, and the tendency of the market for it is downward....Cotton has been in moderate request, at, however, rather languid prices. Our available supply is 54,100 bales, against 13,312 bales same period last year. The receipts at all the shipping ports to latest dates this season have been 1,632,622 bales, against 951,243 bales to the corresponding period of last season. The total exports from the United States so far this season have been 818,552 bales, against 482,789 bales to the same date last season. The total stock on hand and on shipboard in the shipping ports at the latest dates was 708,483 bales, against 483,363 bales at the same time last year. The stock in the interior towns at the latest dates was 177,565 bales, against 87,105 bales at the corresponding date a year ago....The movements in Provisions, Groceries, Naval Stores, Oils, Tobacco, and Wool, have been less extensive....Hay has been in request at firmer prices....Hemp, Hops, and Seeds have been quiet....The Dry Goods trade continues inactive. The value of the week's imports has been $381,632, against $314,518 the same week last year. The value of the imports since January 1 has been $57,732,928, against $90,244,733 same time last year....The movements in other commodities have not been productive of any remarkable changes....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Unsound State Flour, per bbl.	$3 70	@	$4 20
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	4 20	@	5 15
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	4 30	@	5 00
Extra Western, per barrel	5 00	@	8 50
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 25	@	7 75
Extra Canadian, per barrel	5 25	@	6 40
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	4 75	@	8 75
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 25	@	4 10
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 40	@	4 00
White Wheat, per bushel	1 20	@	1 55
Red Wheat, per bushel	68	@	1 28
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	77	@	78
Rye, per bushel	75	@	78
Barley, per bushel	70	@	92½
Western Oats, per bushel	54	@	56
State Oats, per bushel	48	@	51
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	45	@	48
Southern Oats, per bushel	43	@	45
Cotton, middlings, per pound	11¾	@	12¼
Mess Pork, per barrel	17 00	@	17 75
Prime Pork, per barrel	13 00	@	13 50
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	7 75	@	9 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6½	@	9½
Lard, per pound	11	@	11½
State Butter, per pound	16	@	26
Western Butter, per pound	12	@	19
Cheese, per pound	8½	@	9½
Rice, per 100 pounds	2 75	@	3 87
Rio Coffee, per pound	9½	@	12
Cuba Sugar, per pound	5½	@	7¼
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	20	@	27
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6	@	7½
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	36	@	37
Hyson Teas, per pound	26	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound	25	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	24½	@	—
Hops, new, per pound	10	@	17
Hops, per pound, 1857	4	@	7
Hay, per 100 pounds	65	@	85
Tallow, per pound	10½	@	—
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 56¼	@	3 62½
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	48½	@	49
Tar, per barrel	2 25	@	2 75
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 50	@	1 55
Linseed Oil, per gallon	62	@	64
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6	@	14
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool, per pound	36	@	56
" Pulled Wool	32½	@	45

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were easier for Beeves, the demand for which was moderate.... Milch Cows were quiet.... Veal Calves were in demand at full rates.... Sheep and Lambs were in moderate supply and request.... Swine were less active.... The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare as follows:

	Week ending Dec. 22.	Week ending Dec. 29.
Beeves	3,333	3,237
Milch Cows	157	133
Veal Calves	327	379
Sheep and Lambs	8,497	7,769
Swine	14,304	13,637

The total receipts of Live Stock at all the New York Markets during the fifty-two weeks ending December 29, comprised 191,170 Beeves, 10,202 Milch Cows, 32,709 Veal Calves, and 450,787 Sheep and Lambs.

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 6	@	$ 12
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4½	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 50	@	7 50
" " per pound	6	@	10
Live Swine, per pound	5½	@	6½
Dressed " "	6	@	7½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets have been well supplied with the principal commodities. The demand has not been very brisk. The fluctuations in prices have been unimportant. Some excitement has been occasioned among dealers by a notification from the City Government that the laws respecting the preservation of Game and Fish would be rigidly enforced henceforward. The result of the adoption of such a course by our city officials would be the discouragement of consignments of the proscribed articles intended for this market.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$2 00	@	$ 5 00
Grapes, per pound	12	@	18
Chestnuts, per bushel	3 00	@	3 75
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 00	@	2 50
Peanuts, per bushel	1 60	@	1 70
Potatoes, per barrel	75	@	2 25
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	2 50	@	4 00
Onions, per barrel	2 00	@	3 25
Turnips, per barrel	50	@	75
Beets, per barrel	87½	@	1 12½
Carrots, per barrel	87½	@	1 12½
Cabbage, per 100	2 00	@	5 00
Parsnips, per barrel	87½	@	1 12½
Cranberries, per barrel	10 00	@	18 00
Pumpkins, per 100	6 00	@	10 00
Celery, table, per dozen bunches	75	@	1 00
Celery, Soup, per dozen bunches	15	@	20
Garlic, per 100 bunches	4 00	@	5 00
Cauliflowers, per 100	2 50	@	5 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches	1 25	@	2 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	25	@	27
Eggs, Western, per dozen	22	@	24
Chickens, per pair	40	@	62½
Fowls, per pound	7	@	10
Fowls, per pair	40	@	70
Geese, per pound	7	@	11
Turkeys, per pound	9	@	13
Wild Turkeys, each	2 00	@	3 00
Ducks, per pound	11	@	14
" black, per pair	37	@	50
" widgeon, per pair	37	@	50
" wood, per pair	37	@	50
Pigeons, per dozen	1 50	@	—
Woodcock, per dozen	3 00	@	3 50
Partridge, per pair	56	@	68
Snipe, Brant, per dozen	62	@	75
Plover, per dozen	1 75	@	2 00
Rabbits, per pair	25	@	37
Squirrels, each	3	@	5
Venison, per pound	7	@	11
Bear's Meat, per pound	10	@	12

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Friday, Dec.* 31, 1858.

THE closing week of the year has, like most preceding weeks, been generally dull and spiritless in commercial and financial circles. The principal topic of conversation is the New Ten Million Loan for which Mr. Cobb has advertised, and the prevailing impression among financial authorities is that it will go at least one per cent. lower than the last, as none of those who obtained a portion of the last loan at high figures have done well by it.

Money continues to be very easy. There is perhaps rather more inquiry, and rather more caution is displayed by bankers than was the case some weeks since; but the change is so trifling that it does not affect the market. Exchange on Europe continues, in the absence of shipments of breadstuffs, to keep up about the shipping point.

Stocks are quite steady; there is no business going on save among the speculative jobbers of the street. The receipts of all the railways are very poor, and, in the absence of business on the great lines, the public can hardly be expected to enter the street as buyers of stocks.

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